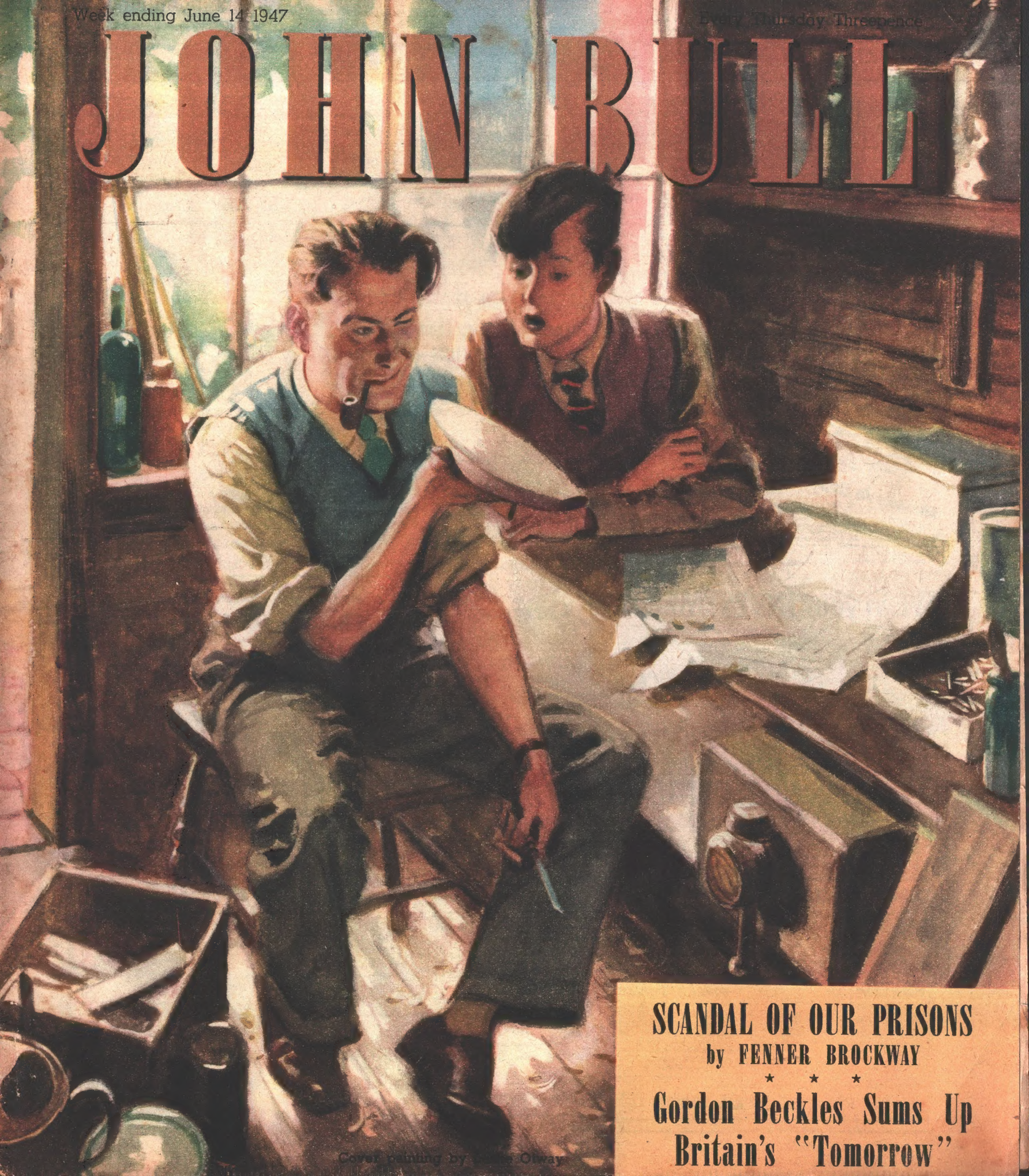
Week ending June 14 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



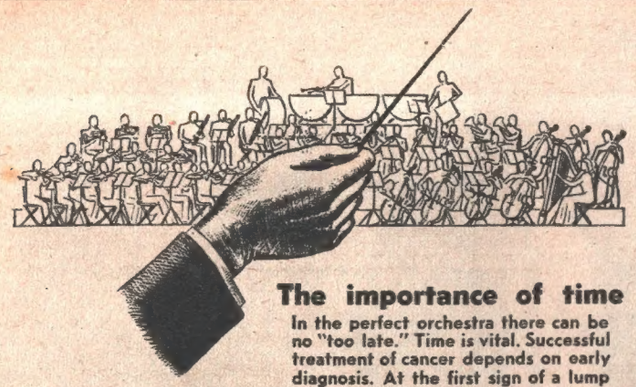
Cover painting by [illegible] Otway

SCANDAL OF OUR PRISONS

by FENNER BROCKWAY

* * *

Gordon Beckles Sums Up Britain's "Tomorrow"



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Supplies are not plentiful, but we are doing our best to improve them.

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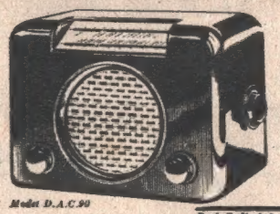
Christopher Stone says—

How right you'll be to choose



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TO HELP PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET AGAIN . . .

10 Drops of Phosferine

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If you lack "go", if you tire easily and find you are taking a back seat because you lack self-confidence, give Phosferine a trial! On Phosferine you'll find a new appetite, you'll counter the wear and tear of life with less sense of strain, and build up resistance to illness. Try this grand tonic now! The dose? Ten drops or two Tablets—before meals. You soon begin to build up strength on Phosferine.

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

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You'll like it better!

JOHN BULL

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JUNE 14, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2137

Keep it Moving

HOLIDAY TRAFFIC, which is already growing at an alarming rate, will shortly reach its peak.

The roads and the resorts will be crowded with vehicles of every kind, from bicycles to buses, as they have never been crowded before. Reduced train services and the seasonal hoarding of petrol coupons make this certain.

The prospect spells difficulty and danger—unless action is taken in advance. We hope that Mr. Barnes, the Minister of Transport, is not too preoccupied with the Transport Bill to look ahead. He might ask himself if the past month of London's new traffic regulations has any lesson for the rest of the country. Certainly the capital's traffic flows more smoothly now that parking and waiting in important streets has been cut down.

Well, Mr. Barnes, London isn't the only city or town with these problems. Try driving a lorry or a car through Dorking, Bournemouth, Gloucester, Shrewsbury or Glasgow. In fact, take a motor tour at the wheel yourself, or send some of your scouts out and about round Britain, and then act on what you have learned. There are a great many other places where traffic needs to be kept on the move.

Another thing, Mr. Barnes. You might arrange for the police to do more towards educating road-users. Everyone, be he on wheels or on foot, is the better for a polite reminder from an expert policeman when he has been careless or inconsiderate.

The accident rate is still high. We don't want to have our summer motoring—or walking, or cycling—enjoyment ruined by mounting casualty lists. The campaign to keep death off the road should be intensified, not relaxed, as the summer advances.

A Chance for 30,000

THE HIGH COST AND DISCOMFORT of 1947 holidays, which are reacting on the seaside and other resorts, have done the farmers a good turn.

More people than ever before have volunteered for the farm camps, which are now full up for the last week in July and the first week in August.

There's a lot to be said for a healthy, strenuous, outdoor holiday, with plenty of work indeed, but also plenty of fun and good company—and if one is helping the country as well, all the better.

So much for July and August—the harvest season. Many a man has a mental picture of himself, bronzed and vigorous in the summer sun, bearing great sheaves of golden corn; many a woman sees herself as the delicious harvest maiden of tradition.

But will they turn out, too, for the more prosaic jobs later on?

Thirty thousand volunteers are needed for the potato and beet harvests in late September, October and November. That is the time when the townsman usually tends to leave the countryside to the rains and mud, and to congratulate himself on pavements, cinemas and "all-mains" services.

Nevertheless, if an all-out effort is made, those autumn volunteers can be found. The rain and mud will be there all right—but so will the genuine pleasures of autumn in the country.

Let the organizers explain them. Let us hear about the crisp, sparkling mornings, the abundance of fruit, the absence of stinging insects, the feeling of wellbeing carried far into winter.

You don't find many country folk who dislike autumn. For them it is at once the busiest and most fruitful of the seasons.

Nobody who postpones his holiday to attend one of the year's late volunteer farm camps will ever regret it. Here is a new experience, and a rich one, for the asking.

U.N.O. Moves In

CAN THE UNITED NATIONS solve the insoluble problem of Palestine?

We British admittedly cannot solve it. That is why we handed the problem to U.N.O., whose Commission of Inquiry arrives in Palestine this week.

The Commissioners will find a potentially rich and happy land which has been nearly ruined by political strife. Trade is stagnant, the tourist industry is dead, transport is difficult and often dangerous, taxes are wasted on unproductive spending.

For example, one-third of Palestine's budget goes on the services of so-called "internal security"—mainly police. A precious lot of "internal security" Palestinians get for their money!

And if it were not for the devotion and bravery of British soldiers, policemen and officials, they would get none at all.

The United Nations' Commissioners are expected to start their tour of inspection next week. Perhaps the terrorists will lie low. All civilized and responsible Jews must hope that they do. In any case, such scenes as the ruins of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem will provide a silent memorial to British fortitude in the face of murderous provocation.

We hope, too, that the Commissioners will be taken aboard the next hell-ship that arrives, to see for themselves the callousness of the "illegal immigrant" racket.

We hope that they will ask both Jews and Arabs, when the time comes for cross-examinations: "Are you prepared to compromise for the sake of peace?"

Only if the answer is "Yes" can Ernest Bevin's hope of a final solution be fulfilled. Meanwhile Britain has nothing to hide, and U.N.O. at least lifts from our shoulders part of an intolerable burden.

Stop this Invasion, Too!

WE CANNOT AFFORD to lose a mouthful of food this year. JOHN BULL, therefore, recommends its readers to take very seriously indeed the appeal to the public to help fight the Colorado beetle.

This pest is now making a determined effort to invade Britain, as it has already invaded in turn most of the European countries. It ruins potato crops.

It has been kept at bay here, so far, only because of the English Channel, and because stringent Government regulations have ensured that each beetle or colony of beetles was wiped out directly it was found.

Colorado beetles can invade by boat or plane, in cargoes of fruit or vegetables.

Remember that this is a first class plague, that it must never be allowed to establish itself here—and that it is up to every gardener, every farm worker, and everyone else who sees a beetle with black and yellow stripes *lengthwise*, to co-operate in the attack on a dangerous enemy.

No. 1 of 5 VITAL REASONS why your saddle should be made of SOLID LEATHER

Solid leather breathes

AS YOU KNOW, leather "breathes". It absorbs the moisture from your body as you ride and breathes it out on the under-side of the saddle through its pores—just as your skin does. Solid leather does not retain condensation and so become soggy, slimy or slippery. Solid leather gives you a firm, comfortable and healthy seat.

Only leather from the choicest part of the back of the animal—what is called "the butt"—is used. Only the skill and knowledge of Brooks can produce a saddle of such superlative quality.

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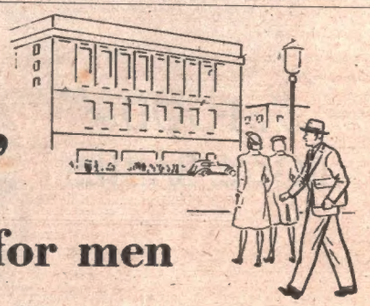

'Oral'

Shoes for men

They look well, they wear well and they are comfortable. Supplies are being fairly distributed and you should be able to get a pair.

'Oral'- *Makers of good shoes* - Rushden, Northants.

"Fine in the Rain"

Supplies of Swallows at our stockists are more scarce than we had anticipated a few months ago, but none the less a Swallow is well worth searching for, and, where it is possible, you should be satisfied with nothing less.

SWALLOW

SWALLOW RAINCOATS LTD BIRMINGHAM 19.

This is the Gin

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

★VITAMIN QUIZ★

1 ***What does a vitamin look like?***

It is invisible in food. Its presence is only revealed by advanced bio-chemical research.

2 ***What are the symptoms of vitamin-shortage in our diet?***

Undue fatigue, irritability, depression, lack of energy.

3 ***What vitamins are chiefly essential to full health and vigour?***

Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), C, D and E. These should be taken in conjunction with the essential mineral salts of iron, phosphorus and calcium.

4 ***Does present-day diet contain all these essentials?***

Frequently not. And seldom in a form in which everybody can fully assimilate them into the system. A vitamin-mineral reinforcement, is rapidly beneficial to many.

5 ***How can we ensure our full quota of these essentials?***

Two 'Supavite' Capsules provide the full daily need of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), C, D and E, plus iron, phosphorus, and calcium — under the Angier guarantee.

15 DAYS' SUPPLY OF 'SUPAVITE' (30 CAPSULES) COSTS 5/-

Issued by the Angier Chemical Co. Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

Who lives here?

The children have been in bed some hours now. The house is quiet. Yet the midsummer sun is still slanting across the golden grass.

Who lives here? Who, in another minute, will be sitting in these two chairs?

Let us not ask their names. Let us regard them simply as husband and wife, typical of the many thousands who welcome the comfort that Horlicks brings . . . its promise of deep sleep tonight and boundless energy tomorrow.

Horlicks is still not plentiful, but the shops are sharing out what they have as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

COW & GATE?—of course!

Quick new complexion beauty with this massage technique

GLAMOROUS film stars in America and Britain follow this new Lux Toilet Soap massage technique, and tell us that it *really works !*

First smooth the beautifying Lux Toilet Soap lather over your face and neck. Massage gently, working in the creamy lather. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, then pat gently with a towel to dry. After the very first treatment your skin feels softer and smoother, takes on a new radiant loveliness. After a fortnight just see how smooth and bright your skin is — how free from blemishes!

Lovely DEBORAH KERR, *starring in the Archer film, "Black Narcissus," says: "This Lux Toilet Soap massage technique really makes my skin softer and smoother."*

Used by 9 out of 10 film stars

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

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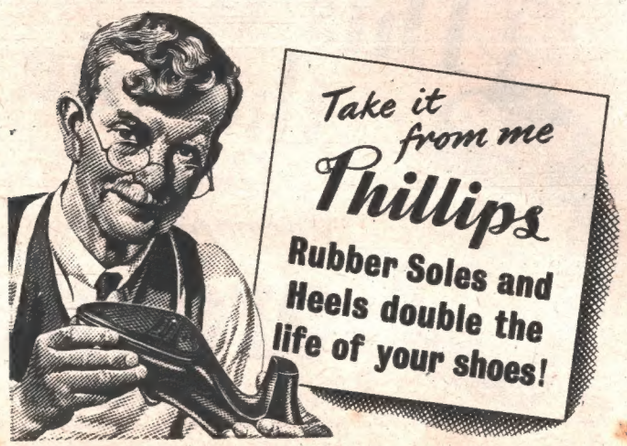
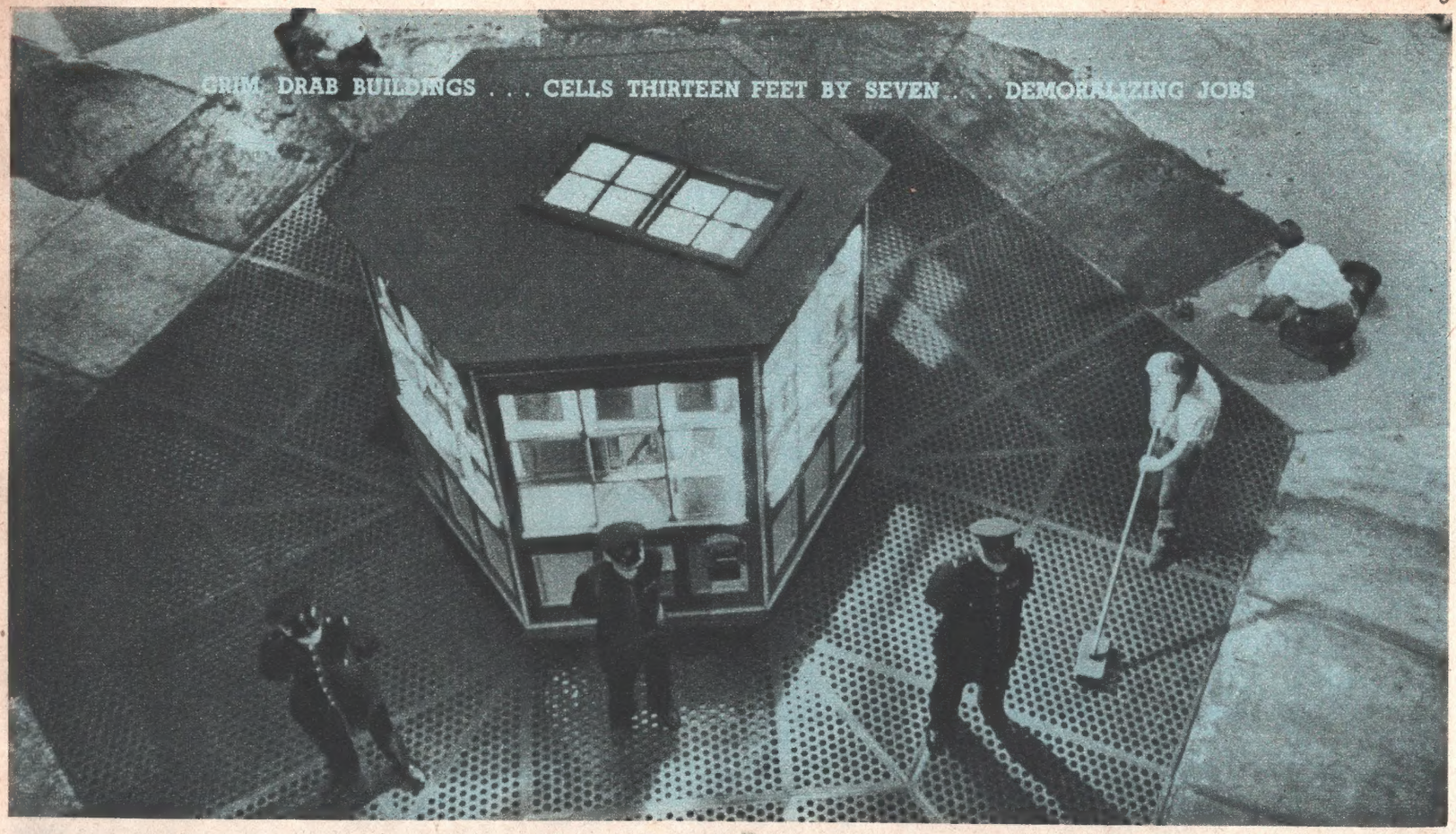




SCANDAL OF OUR PRISONS

by FENNER BROCKWAY

WHEN MRS. AYRTON GOULD told the House of Commons that prisoners at Holloway Women's Prison have their last meal of cocoa, bread, cheese and margarine at 4.30 p.m. and are then shut in their cells until seven o'clock next morning, there were cries of "torture" and "shame."

The practice which angered the Members of Parliament is not exceptional; it is the rule for nearly half of the 9,000 men and the 1,000 women in British prisons.

"Torture" is not an extravagant description. The cruelty is more refined than the barbarities of the Middle Ages or of the modern totalitarian states, but its physical and psychological effects may be no less enduring.

To lock up a human being in a cell thirteen feet by seven feet for fourteen consecutive hours in every twenty-four, to do this week after week, month after month, it may be for a year; to give him no employment except the monotony of mail-bag sewing, and nothing to occupy his mind except two books which are read over a weekend—yes, for most men and women this is torture.

Nor is this the worst experience of cell confinement which prisoners undergo. They dread the weekends more than the long evenings and nights. Most prisoners are shut in their cells from 2 p.m. on Saturday to 7 a.m. on Monday, except for one hour's exercise and two religious services of one hour each on Sunday. For all but men and women of exceptional inner resources, these long periods of confinement mean physical and mental torment and deterioration.

There is no one at the Home Office who would now defend this treatment. It is a relic from a past which the Prison Commissioners are striving to end and which indeed they have ended for many younger prisoners and first offenders. The obstacle is the size of the prison staff; when officers are not available to supervise work or recreation, the only thing to do is to lock the prisoners in their cells.

But let us be clear what is involved. In maintaining these practices the State is committing a crime against human personality which is greater in many cases than the crimes for which the prisoners were sentenced.

The English prison system was built on the theory that punishment was its primary object. The buildings were deliberately made forbidding, the cells comfortless, the diet plain, the clothes humiliating, the sanitation primitive, the labour monotonous. No human association was permitted: prisoners were not allowed to speak. Everything was done to make them feel degraded—with the result that they became degraded. They left prison worse human beings than when they entered.

The Prison Commissioners have now discarded the crude theory of their predecessors, and—for many classes of prisoners—have introduced changes which aim at reforming rather than deforming character. But, nevertheless, for about fifty per cent of those in prison the old methods largely persist and for the majority of prisoners the regime remains more repressive than educative.

Except for two "camps," the prisoners are still housed in the fortress-like barracks which were built a hundred years ago. These are so grim that it is impossible to impart a human atmosphere to them.

"I would like to pull down most of our prisons—or blow them up," said Mr. Herbert Morrison at Birmingham in March, 1944, when he was Home Secretary. "Britain's prisons are a disgrace—the only thing to do is to dynamite them," said Sir Harold Scott, Chairman of the Prison Commission from 1931 to 1939, in a speech to the Howard League in May, 1946.

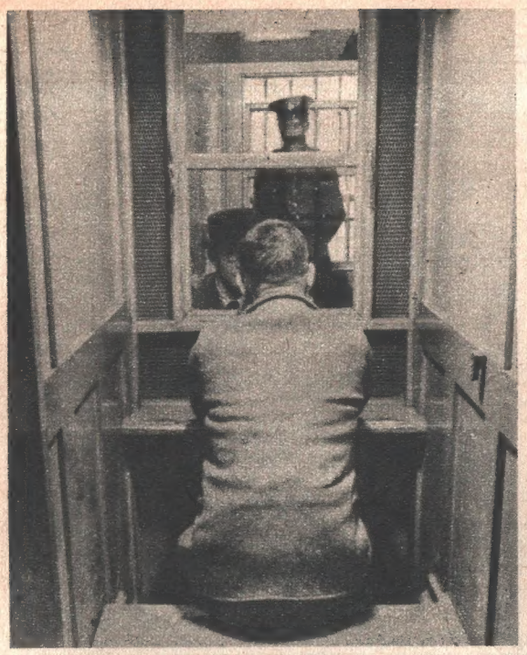
The prisoner never escapes from drab walls, grey exercise grounds, the influence of bolts and bars and the continuous grinding of keys in locks; he never sees colour or beauty. To expect a criminal to be reformed in the environment of a prison is to ask for a miracle: one might as soon expect a flower to blossom in a cellar.

The grim buildings set the tone of the whole regime. It is reflected in the staff, whose duties are almost entirely disciplinary and who, with rare exceptions, do not have any human association with those in their charge.

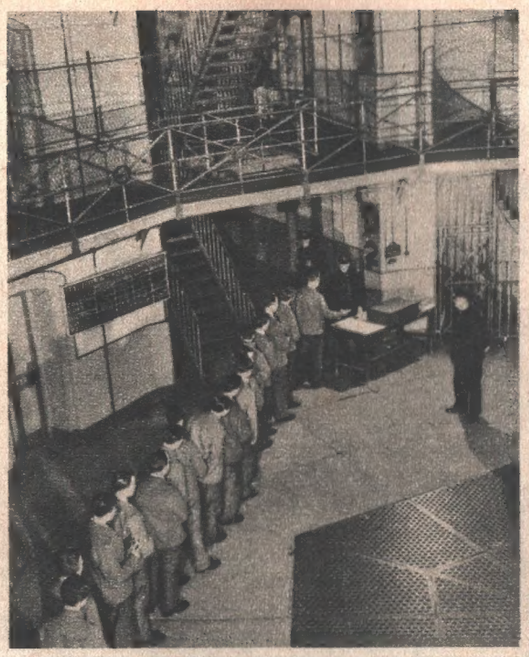
On first entering jail, the prisoner gets the impression that the officers are brutes and bullies; they shout their orders like sergeant-majors commanding the scum of the earth. Later he often finds a kind heart under this harsh exterior, but this is because the man is better than the system.

One of the influences which make so many prison officers assume the attitude of a bully is fear—fear that a prisoner or a group of prisoners will turn on them and attempt to beat them up. Occasionally one reads of mutinies in prison; more frequent are personal assaults—of fifteen sentences of corporal punishment passed in 1942, twelve were for "gross personal violence to an officer."

These acts of violence do not merely reflect the vicious characters to be found among prisoners;



Prisoner, boxed in, welcomes a visitor—through thick glass, under warder's eye



Prison pay parade: weekly earnings vary from 3d. to 11d., spent on tobacco, sweets

Contrasting New Hall sets progressive note. No walls or bars. Accent on worthwhile jobs

they reflect also the character of the regime which by its repression incites periodical outbursts.

The "hard" labour to which most prisoners are sentenced is a fiction. Few prison tasks are physically tiring and none is mentally tiring. But much prison labour is worse than hard: it is dull, wasteful and demoralizing. The most frequent work is the sewing of canvas mail bags for the Post Office; on a large proportion of bags every stitch is done by hand, and seventy-two feet have to be sewn daily.

Spend Their Time Brooding

The dullness of the work is evident; to sit on a stool sewing for ten hours a day, month after month, six hours seated in a workshop five feet from a neighbour on each side, four hours seated alone in one's cell—can one imagine an occupation more deadening to the mind?

Most prisoners spend the time brooding, worrying about their families or storing bitter intentions for the future. The phrase is common among them that their occupation in life is "mail bags and crime." When they are making their mail bags they have nothing to think about except their crimes.

But this work is also wasteful, and, because prisoners know that it is imposed as a task rather than given as a productive service, it is demoralizing. In some prisons modern sewing-machines have been introduced and they prove that in a few minutes a length of canvas can be completed which for the hand-sewing prisoners means an hour's drudgery.

The wastefulness of prison work is revealed in the yearly accounts. In 1944, the last year for which figures are available, the number of "effective" workers in prison and Borstal institutions was 11,326. The total value of their labour was £1,102,815. That is an average of less than £2 per prisoner per week, less than seven shillings for a day of ten hours.

Moreover, the value of the work done in the later war years was inflated, because prison labour was applied to many articles required by the Fighting Services and Government departments, and modern equipment and machinery were introduced. Two years earlier, in 1942, the average value of the work was only just over four shillings per day.

In recent years prisoners have been paid what are described as "earnings" for their work, but the amount is hardly enough to be termed pocket money. It varies from threepence to elevenpence a week. These few coppers can be expended upon tobacco or sweets. The fact that even these trifling rewards have had a "notably beneficial" effect upon industry, discipline and malingering reveals how starved of relief prison existence must be.

Prisons give visitors the impression, at least, of hygienic cleanliness. If they made their visits at seven o'clock in the morning they would get a very different impression. At that hour the officers unlock the doors of the cells with the order "slops out," and the prisoners carry their pots down the corridor to empty in the recess.

Theoretically, if a prisoner wishes to use the lavatory before 8 p.m. he can ring his bell and be let out for this purpose, but because of the shortage of staff this is rarely done, and the prisoner soon learns that he must relieve himself in his cell. When, after fourteen hours, the doors are opened, the stench from many cells is appalling, and as the line of prisoners passes to and from the recess the atmosphere becomes foetid and the lavatories filthy.

The regulation hour for the use of lavatories is during exercise, but the starchy character of the diet and the nervous strain of confinement combine to make regularity of habits difficult.

For the average prisoner the medical attention is perfunctory. Perhaps this is inevitable when medical officers have so much to do. In addition to the examination of "receptions" and "discharges" and of the daily queue of prisoners who report sick, they have the prison hospitals to supervise and the mental cases to observe.

This last duty is becoming formidable. During 1943, 4,166 men and women were remanded to prison for mental observation and report.

The Nurse and the Doctor

Nevertheless, when all allowances have been made, the casualness of the routine medical examinations is a matter for serious criticism. The evidence of Dr. Kathleen Lonsdale, who served a sentence in Holloway Prison during the war as a conscientious objector, is typical—Dr. Lonsdale is a distinguished scientist and one of the few women to be made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

She describes how, on entering prison, a nurse examined her hair and asked if she had fits or varicose veins, if her periods were regular, and if she had any children. "This was perhaps the most comprehensive medical examination I had," she comments.

Then she waited for the doctor. "When she eventually came I was fully dressed, wearing a high-necked blouse and tie. 'These women should have had their blouses undone,' she called to the reception officer.

"When I began to take off my tie she said, 'No, it doesn't matter. Leave it!' and placed the stethoscope to my *throat* for a second or two. 'Any fits or varicose veins?' she asked. I said 'No.'

"The question 'Periods all right?' was answered by a reference to a hysterectomy I had had, which apparently did not interest her. That concluded the medical examination proper, from beginning to end of which I was fully dressed."

On the basis of this examination Dr. Lonsdale was passed as fit for any work. "I fully agreed with other prisoners," she remarks, "that this examination could not distinguish those women who were suffering from V.D. or those who for various reasons were unfit to carry heavy loads or to do the harder forms of work. A woman who wished to conceal a state of pregnancy could also do so quite easily in the early stages. My later inquiries showed that this brief examination was the usual thing."

Stock Dose of Medicine

All the evidence in possession of the writer indicates that this cursory medical examination is also typical of men's prisons and that it is as common in peacetime as in wartime. Those who report sick are frequently treated with the same casualness. A prisoner carrying a tray with a limited assortment of medicines accompanies the doctor on his rounds and a dose from one bottle or another is the almost automatic answer to nearly every complaint.

There is an authentic story of an application by one prisoner to work on an outdoor job rather than in a workshop. The immediate and only response was the stock dose of medicine for stomach disorders.

Considerable numbers of prisoners are mentally sub-normal. A psychological unit has been opened at Wormwood Scrubs prison for their treatment, but in fact suitable treatment is found to be impossible in more than half the cases referred to it. Sometimes the sentence is too short, sometimes the intelligence of the prisoner is too low for co-operation, sometimes there is no desire to co-operate, and sometimes there are constitutional or organic defects.

The result is that the larger number of mentally sub-normal prisoners are left without treatment or special care. The worst cases are accommodated in

Inmates are free to browse in library of Wakefield Prison. New Hall is an offshoot

caged cells in the hospitals, left in solitary confinement for twenty-two hours each day. They are the most tragic sight in prison.

As one would expect, the repressive regime has to be maintained by the frequent punishment of prisoners who react against it. During an average year about 8,000 offences against prison discipline are committed and more than 5,000 prisoners are punished.

Most of the offences are acts of insubordination or other breaches of the regulations; about one-fifth are acts of violence against persons or property. Punishment nearly always takes the form of a day or two on bread and water and confinement to cells, accompanied by some loss of the privileges gained by good conduct and of the normal remission of sentence.

The governor tries those charged with minor offences; those accused of more serious offences are tried by visiting magistrates. These prison trials outrage one principle of British justice which is otherwise universally applied: the prisoner is not allowed a representative to defend him.

This omission is difficult to justify in view of the fact that sentences of corporal punishment can be given for certain offences, while the loss of remission, the most common form of punishment, may involve several days' additional imprisonment.

The conditions under which relatives and friends visit prisoners are outrageously inhuman. Both prisoners and relatives generally look forward to these occasions eagerly—and yet they lead to so much frustration that more often than not they are afterwards deeply regretted.

Intimate Talk Impossible

In many prisons visitors can only see and speak to a prisoner through thick glass, and, as compartments for a dozen simultaneous visits stand side by side, the babel of shouting is so loud that it is often impossible to carry on a conversation. I have seen husband and wife give up all attempt to speak and content themselves by placing their faces as close together as possible on either side of the glass.

In other prisons half a dozen visitors are grouped at tables in one room, the prisoners sitting at one side, the visitors at the other, and officers at the end. Here again there is no opportunity for the exchange of intimate thoughts and news. The visit becomes a painful experience rather than a happy reunion.

One could go on citing the humiliations and inhuman deprivations which cause prisoners to lose their self-respect and deteriorate in character. The old theory of punishment involved repression, the starvation equally of physical, mental and spiritual aspects of life, and men and women do not become better under such conditions.

The new theory of reform involves the recognition that there is potential good even in those who appear to be most debased and the provision of conditions which will encourage its expression. The Home Office now accepts the new theory, but it has not yet been able to rid the prison system of the evil traditions of the past. For all except first offenders and young prisoners, repression remains dominant over reform.

It is due to the Prison Commissioners, however, to acknowledge the considerable—and sometimes bold—changes which they have introduced for that section of the prison population which gives most promise of reform. Each prisoner on entering is seen by a reception board, who, on the basis of his record and what can be learned of his character and disposition, decide whether he is suitable for special training.

How New Methods Work

Practically all first offenders (the star class) are included in this category, as well as most prisoners under twenty-six years of age who have sentences of at least six months. The more interesting and useful types of work are allotted to such prisoners; they are employed in "honour parties" and move about the prison without direct supervision; they have their meals in association; they attend educational classes in the evening and are allowed to associate for recreation.

Experience has shown that training on these lines can be carried much farther in separate establishments than in prisons with mixed categories. Accordingly Wakefield prison has for some years served as a "training prison" for the north and the midlands, and Wormwood Scrubs has more recently served similarly for London and the south-east, while Camp Hill (Isle of Wight) has been devoted to the training of first offenders sentenced to penal servitude.

The success of these experiments has now led the Prison Commissioners to extend the principle of training to selected prisoners from what is known as the Ordinary Class, and Maidstone Prison has been set aside for this purpose. Here those are sent who have not yet become habitual prisoners and whose character and records give hope of improvement.

Since training is the aim and this takes time, prisoners are only included if they are serving a sentence of at least nine months (that is, six months when remission is deducted). Their training extends to their work as well as educational classes and to social co-operation in recreation.

Instead of being confined in separate cells, many of them live together in dormitory huts and quite a number of them are employed outside the prison on agricultural work.

The boldest experiments on new lines are two camp prisons at New Hall in Yorkshire and Tortworth in Gloucestershire. At these camps there are no walls or bolts or bars, and there is no confinement in cells.

Prisoners live in huts and work in free association at bootmaking and tailoring or as land workers. There are only three or four prison officers for a hundred prisoners and those who work in the fields go to their jobs and return without guards.

From Tortworth there have been a number of attempted escapes, but over several years at New Hall only one prisoner has tried to get away. Why the difference?

It is probably because of the atmosphere which has grown up around New Hall. The camp is run in connection with the Wakefield Training Prison, where the men know that if they behave well they will have the opportunity to go to New Hall. They want to go, and they continue to behave well when they get there in order to retain its privileges.

An *esprit de corps* has grown up at New Hall which would make any attempt to escape dishonourable to the camp as a whole; compare this with Borstal institutions, where boys who attempt to escape are regarded as heroes.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the camp is the fact that the people who live in the neighbouring village, Flockton, have no fear of the prisoners and often speak highly of them.

Trial Scheme for Women

The escapes attempted at Tortworth (leading to a good deal of fear in the neighbouring villages) are probably due to the absence of the tradition which surrounds New Hall. The men were transferred from Camp Hill prison without preparation and not unnaturally they jumped at the chance of escape. There is little doubt that Tortworth will before long develop the same tradition as New Hall.

A somewhat similar experiment for women prisoners serving long sentences is being made at York, where a country house has been taken over.

These developments indicate the enlightened intentions of the Prison Commissioners. It is time that they swept away all the inhumanities of the old system.

Prison Reform—Get on with it!

THIS IS THE FIRST of three articles which JOHN BULL is printing with a twofold objective—to keep the importance of prison reform in the public mind, and press the authorities to get on with it.

In the midst of many other national problems, it is too easy to forget or ignore what goes on behind bars. But the facts are startling, as this article shows.

The prison and Borstal population is rising—latest figures are the highest since 1912—and reform, though accepted in principle, is slow in being put into practice. Shortages of staff and materials hold up the improvement of our bad old prisons. Pressure of other Parliamentary business has delayed the Criminal Justice Bill, which will legalize important changes in the criminal code.

Are we going to do something about it now—or are we going to look on while a new generation of habitual criminals is created? This is what we must face.

In his second article, which will appear next week, Fenner Brockway turns to the problem of the "young lag" and shows how an alarmingly high proportion of Borstal boys and other young offenders become hardened criminals under the present systems.

Private View of Eric Coates

PLAIN MAN'S COMPOSER

TO ANYONE WHO HAS LISTENED, week after week, to the rousing signature tune of *In Town Tonight*, it seems axiomatic that the composer of it must be a boisterous lover of London.

Eric Coates, a great British composer of light music, does indeed draw most of his inspiration from London, but there is nothing boisterous about him—little to suggest the zest and swagger of, say, the "Knightsbridge" March.

Of medium height, with his greying hair and modest appearance, he might be a retired schoolmaster. Yet, as he sits at his desk in his Baker Street flat, with a shawl draped over his shoulders, he can write a tune that will set our toes tapping and our hearts beating. He is the apostle of all that is enlivening, gay and hopeful.

Coates is the plain man's composer. With infinite craftsmanship he proves that it is possible to be intelligible and entertaining without being commonplace. He bridges the gap between highbrows and jazz-lovers. He thinks that music is an integral part of public life and regrets any attempt to make it the cult of intellectuals.

"There are still some people," he says, "who think it vaguely disgraceful to be entertaining. Yet Haydn and Mozart both wrote for sheer entertainment; their work was given classical status because its technical merit couldn't be denied."

On average the B.B.C. uses his music fifty times a week. He is probably our wealthiest composer, and his foreign sales make him an export industry in himself—"though it shouldn't be supposed that foreign sales do me any financial good. 'Sleepy Lagoon' made big money in America, but by the time the U.S. revenue authorities deducted a third for tax, and the Inland Revenue here took one-half, and most of the rest in super-tax, there was nothing in it."

Coates was born at Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, in 1886. His father was a doctor, whose patients were often amused to find their medicine wrappers scribbled with musical scores. Eric could play the fiddle quite passably at five, and became increasingly determined to be a musician when he saw how little leisure his father had.

His mind was finally made up when he was asked to hold a patient down during a minor operation; after an indignant family conference he left for London, studied at the Royal Academy of Music, played in theatres for six shillings a night, and eventually got into Sir Henry Wood's orchestra, where he led the viola players for seven years.

One night, at Queen's Hall, Eric was recalled time and time again to repeat a solo. Sir Henry, who should have presented the player to the audience, locked himself in an upstairs room and refused to come out. Why he took it to heart so much, nobody knows, but Coates left the orchestra soon afterwards. He has never touched a viola since.

His inspiration comes from familiar sights and sounds. His compositions, "Covent Garden," "Westminster," "Knightsbridge," and the "London" Suite, were all written after he had strolled alone through the busy streets and markets.

When working, he doesn't like solitude, but "company without distractions." Asked what he means by this, he replies: "Well, domestic sounds rather please me. I wrote the 'Cinderella' Suite while my family were playing bridge in the same room; I like the sounds of the dustpan banging and the kettle going on the stove. Even external noises, like traffic or an electric generator, wouldn't bother me. But the generator would have to keep an even note. If it varied now and again, even by a half-tone, it would make composition impossible."

Mrs. Coates, blonde and forthright, has helped him produce some of his best work. She wrote the stories for his ballets, *The Enchanted Garden*, which was based on his own garden near Chichester, and *The Jester at the Wedding*. He wrote the "Three Bears" Suite for his only son, Austin, in 1923. Austin is a good musician himself. Until recently he lived with his parents in their Baker Street flat, but found he couldn't get enough piano practice, despite the fact that there are two grand pianos there. Father was either at the piano himself, which meant that anybody else playing would distract him, or was composing silently.

Generally speaking Eric Coates does not play his compositions before they are put over by a full orchestra, or even hum them. When he first heard his "Knightsbridge" March on the radio he failed to recognize it. Or so he says.

SOME of his work he does seated at an iron table in the garden of his cottage at Selsey. There, too, he'll study ships through a telescope or take his car to pieces, or go to a gangster film. It was, in fact, a lurid blood and thunder that suggested the title for his *Music While You Work* signature tune.

In the middle of the film he heard the boom of the police loudspeaker "calling all cars."

He immediately scribbled the title of his new tune, "Calling All Workers," before he could forget it.

Coates likes extravagance in his music if the craftsmanship is good; in his home, the note is one of restrained elegance—quiet antique furniture, chandeliers, handsome Adam fireplaces.

He makes no show of wealth and doesn't care how much he earns. He needn't, because the performing Rights Society does his collecting for him. Payments come in daily from all over the world, often from compositions written twenty-five years ago.

He serves on the Classification Committee of the society, and has a withering contempt for phoney "composers" who alter a few notes of some classic and claim it as their own copyright.

His actual output is not large, though in the course of years it has been steady. He does not find composing easy, and does endless fiddling and changing before he will part with the finished score. Folk songs, jingles and nursery rhymes are often incorporated into his suites, though always in such a way that they can be recognized and are a legitimate part of "musical description."

But when, in his descriptive suite, "Three Men," he portrayed a countryman, a man-about-town and a sailor, he worked in the old shanty "Johnny's gone down to Hilo" and finished on the first few bars of "Three Blind Mice."

What, his fans asked, had mice got to do with it?

"It's a jolly tune," said Coates, unrepentant. "Besides, mice can get anywhere."

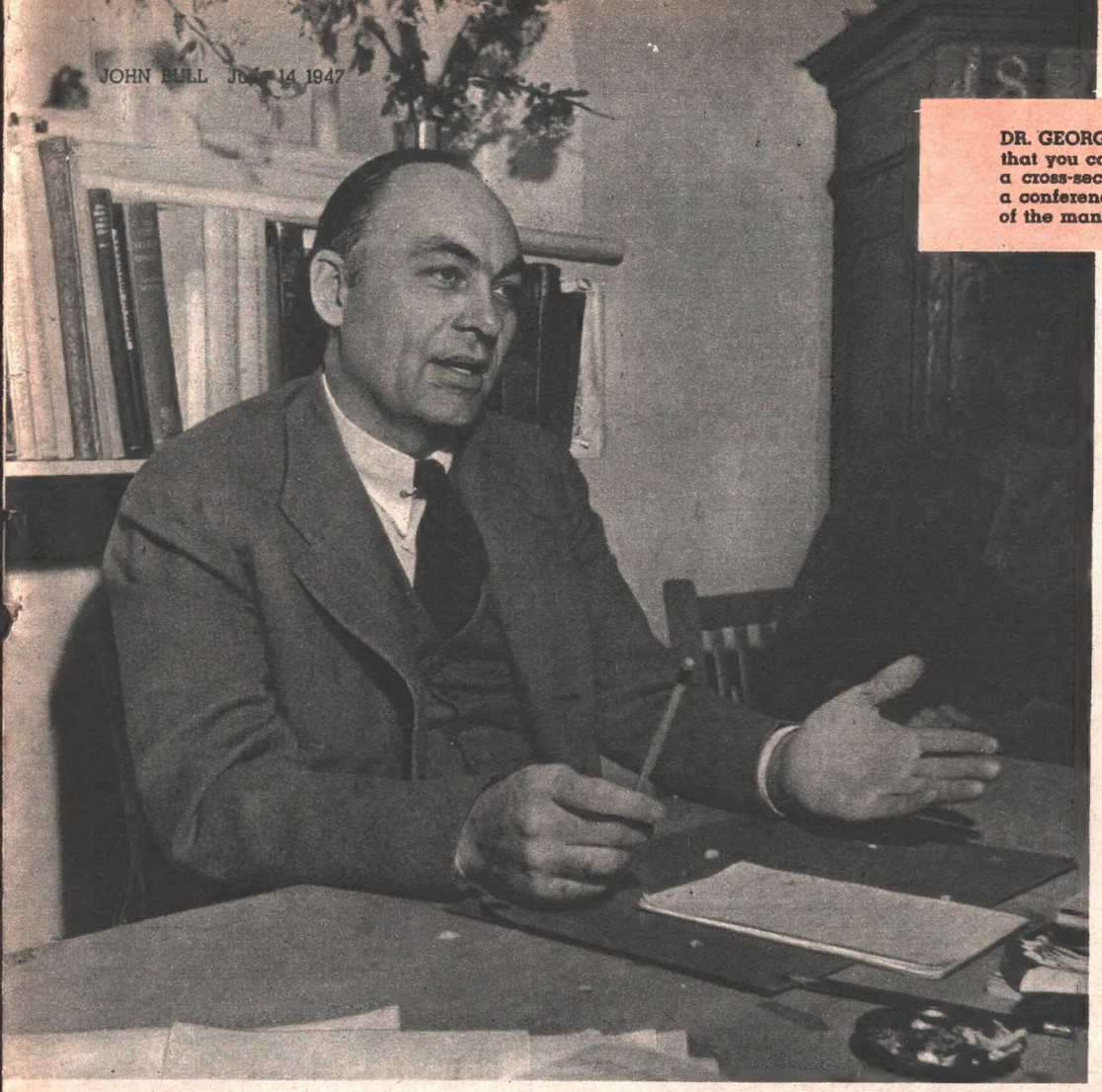
Mrs. Coates says her husband is temperamental "in a quiet way." He isn't irascible, intolerant or easily annoyed. But his temperature plays tricks. It's usually sub-normal (95 degrees) but when he is in the company of fools whom he has to suffer gladly, it rockets up to 101.

"How do you know that?" I asked her.

"We've tried it," Mrs. Coates assured me. "The thermometer proves it."

I had wanted to ask how much he pays in income tax, but after this warning I left him in peace, with his two locked pianos and the faint hum of traffic drifting up from Baker Street Station.

CONRAD FAREL



DR. GEORGE GALLUP, public opinion analyst. He applied theory that you can get to know what public at large think by polling a cross-section. Gallup Institute men from many countries held a conference in Sussex recently. They claim to "make the voice of the man in the street heard in the chancellery of the world"

Scientific Snooping

by DENNIS BARDENS

Opinion polls have caught on. Those who run them say they can assess accurately the public's views on anything from politics to pubs. How do they set about it?

MEASURING AND ANALYSING PUBLIC OPINION has become a major industry in this country. The crystal gazer and astrologer are being ousted by experts. With the assistance of skilled interviewers, mathematicians and some electrical tabulating apparatus, they are able to tell us how many people in Britain go to church, who smokes the most, and what proportion of the population supports the Prime Minister.

Public opinion surveys can even foretell, usually within a three per cent probability of error, what the results of an election will be.

But there has never been a poll to discover what the public thinks about public opinion polls. If there were, it might reveal much scepticism. Some people distrust the motives behind these polls. Others doubt their accuracy or usefulness.

Yet few know how public opinion is really measured. The fact is that these polls are skilfully conceived and conscientiously conducted.

Who conducts them? How, why, and at whose expense? Are they useful to the questioners or the questioned?

Throughout history, rulers and governments have tried, from motives sometimes disinterested, often unscrupulous, to keep abreast of public opinion. Even Pontius Pilate, in asking the assembled populace what he should do with Christ, was conducting a public opinion poll of a rather crude type; he accepted the popular verdict against his better judgment.

Everybody, in a hit-or-miss way, collects the views of his companions on the latest news and feels he has sounded the pulse of the nation.

He hasn't, of course. The information will have been drawn in one locality, or from people of a particular social or economic position. It will represent what *a section* of society thinks; the sum total of their views is not necessarily representative. At the opposite end, there are elections and plebiscites, which are simply public opinion polls of an ambitious and expensive kind.

The modern "straw vote," or Gallup Poll, is quite different in its method. Its system is to take a sample of up to 3,000 people and interview each one, asking the same questions of each and recording their answers. These facts are then centrally tabulated and analysed. The state of opinion revealed by this small section of the population is then accepted *as applicable to the country as a whole.*

The population of Great Britain is over forty-eight million. The experts thus claim to know what the country is thinking by interviewing one in every 16,000 of the population.

This seems an audacious proposition, but it is scientifically sound. If you had a barrel of a million mixed beans, 700,000 of them black and 300,000 white, it would not be necessary to count every bean in the barrel in order to discover the proportion of black to white. A sample of 3,000 beans should show the proportion of black to white within a three per cent margin of error. This margin could be reduced by counting more beans, but above 3,000 the diminishing rate of error is so narrow that it is hardly worth all the extra trouble.

Britain—in Miniature

On the same principle it would be possible to find out how many people support or oppose the Sunday opening of cinemas in Britain (and be ninety-seven per cent accurate) by questioning 3,000 people scattered throughout the country, providing that they constituted a "community in miniature." The sample would have to include different classes, professions and age groups *in the same mathematical proportions* as they are found in the country as a whole.

Put it another way. There are 12,000,000 housewives in Britain. That is twenty-five housewives for every 100 of the population. If 3,000 people are to be questioned they must include 750 housewives. But not all housewives are the same age; if the sample is to be a fair one, each age group should be represented to the same extent as in the population. There are only 350,000 housewives under twenty-four years of age, but 4,700,000 aged between forty-five and sixty-four.

Until Dr. George Gallup, a twenty-eight years old American journalist who founded the Gallup Polls, saw the importance of this, it had been assumed that the more opinions one collected, the nearer the results must be to the national feeling.

Before the Presidential elections of 1936, the magazine *Literary Digest* conducted a "straw vote" on the assumption that the greater the poll the greater the accuracy. They canvassed over 2,300,000 people, yet Gallup not only forecast that they would be wrong but predicted, six weeks beforehand, what their percentage of error would be. Their monster poll would show, he declared, a victory for Landon instead of Roosevelt.

The controversy shook America. Editors who were publishing Gallup's forecasts—based on microscopical samples of America's population—which, week after week, indicated that Roosevelt would win, began to get apprehensive. But Gallup was adamant. His small samples were America in miniature: If there were two doctors for every dentist in America, then he would have two doctors for every dentist in his sample of the population.

Roosevelt won. Gallup was correct to within six and a half per cent. The *Literary Digest* was wrong, and had an error of nineteen per cent. Gallup was vindicated, and his theories continued to spread to Canada, Australia, Sweden and Britain, where the British Institute of Public Opinion was opened in 1936.

Since public opinion surveys produce information that is not available by any other method; their

Public opinion poll in progress. Giving straight answer to a straight question demands thought

"Victim No. 2" is waylaid on Westminster Bridge. Interviewers must be tactful and free from bias

accuracy is not always easy to prove. But an election, forecast in advance, is a good test. Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion, in 126 out of 130 elections, predicted results correctly to within a few points.

Who pays for the polls to be conducted? The work of the British Institute of Public Opinion is partly underwritten by the newspaper which publishes their results. Other research organizations are paid by Government departments, manufacturers, trade associations and organizations working for reforms of various sorts.

These often require information which cannot be found in any sort of reference book or by any other method of inquiry. The Home Office, for instance, recently commissioned the Council of Social Survey to conduct an inquiry into the shopping habits of housewives. The prevention of traffic congestion, and various laws relating to shop closing times, are a Home Office concern; in order to balance the needs of everyone definite information is wanted —facts which could be got only from housewives themselves.

How is such a poll organized?

The questions are drafted, with spaces after each for direct answers, such as "yes," "no," "don't know," and room for any further explanation. Questions must not prejudge the issue or contain a hint of bias. Suppose the poll was on the public's reaction to the nationalization of coal mines. Obviously, the question must not read "Should we not halt the Government's gamble on nationalization?" That would not be a question so much as a prejudiced assertion.

The question should be direct: "Do you agree with the nationalization of the coal mines?"

The People to Interview

Questionnaires having been printed, the country is divided into regions, in each of which research workers are told to put the questions to a cross-section of the population. The composition of this sample is clearly indicated to them by head office—so many of the higher income class (over £10 a week), so many doctors, farmers, housewives.

Interviewers scour telephone directories, voters' lists and reference books. They find the necessary percentage of unemployed at the Labour Exchange. Housewives are stopped in the streets during shopping hours.

A full-time researcher can do an average of eighty interviews a week. Less than ten per cent of the people interviewed mind being asked questions; the problem with some is to stop them talking.

Interviewers need energy, integrity, tact and freedom from bias. They are usually students of economics or sociology; whether they are paid or not depends on the organization conducting the poll. There is no chance of a dishonest interviewer upsetting the result by sitting at home and faking forms, because the reports from all regions ought to have much in common; he cannot anticipate what the results in other regions are going to be, and any marked difference would be noticed at once and could be checked on. Some organizations pick out from each investigator's work the names and addresses of ten per cent of all the people interviewed; these are passed to a supervisor, who sees these people once again.

The results get very near to the mark. The Gallup Polls bear retrospective analysis. Before the last General Election the Gallup Poll forecast a win for Labour, which few people thought likely. Their estimate of Labour's vote was 47 per cent, against the actual result of 48.8 per cent. Conservatives, it was said, would get 41 per cent of the votes; in fact they polled 39.4 per cent. Liberals were given 10.5 per cent; they polled 9.2 per cent. All this was done on a sample of 1,800 people.

The Listener Research Department of the B.B.C. uses similar methods to gauge the popularity of its radio programmes.

Some fascinating surveys of a slightly different type have been compiled by Mass Observation, whose object is "to study the beliefs and behaviour of the British Islanders." They tend, however, to concentrate their surveys in a particular area, and include more incidental comment than is featured in other reports.

There are numerous market research organizations which advise manufacturers where their customers are mostly to be found, what sort of goods they like, and how much they can afford to pay.

Answering is Voluntary

What does it all amount to? The growth of the public opinion poll has not been universally welcomed. It offers, as one paper has said, "unequalled opportunities for the pettifogging, the malicious, the cranky, the interfering, the mildly dotty." One Labour M.P. has been known to remark: "If I catch anyone Mass-Observing me, there's going to be trouble."

Although there is public concern over the increasing powers of inspection enjoyed by the officials of certain Ministries—a topic that has no bearing whatever on public opinion polls, but which is often confused with them—the craze has no obvious dangers and some outstanding merits.

Nobody can be forced to speak. Questioners have no statutory authority, nor are they ever obtrusive. The chances against your ever being questioned are about 16,000 to one.

Besides, we can hardly grumble at governments for encouraging the scientific probing of public opinion. In a democracy that is surely what we want them to do—to know what we are thinking on a particular issue. On many occasions in the past, notably during the Spanish Civil War and Munich Crisis, Gallup Polls showed that the public were nearer to reality than those who governed. As for manufacturers, we should not discourage them from finding out what sort of goods we need and how we like them designed; market research has benefits for the consumer.

In a police state, perhaps, we might view with misgivings an army of questioners anxious to find out what we think. But in Britain the public opinion poll can do no possible harm and perhaps much good.

After sample poll has been taken, returns are tabulated mechanically. They give a fairly exact idea of what public thinks. Before General Election, Gallup Poll forecast of Labour vote was correct to within two per cent

Aristocrat of flowers . . . Single orchid blooms have been known to fetch up to £3,000

Orchids are commonly thought of as a rich man's hobby. But today they are playing a useful part in Britain's export drive

PROBABLY THE LAST THING most people would associate with the President of the Board of Trade in his more glacial moods would be—a spray of orchids. Certainly there seems little surface connection between these expensive blooms and the Government's economic plan.

Orchids for mink-clad women at a film first night. Orchids for the duchess at the county hunt ball. Orchids, if you like, for Miss Blandish. But orchids for Sir Stafford Cripps and his team of planners?

Yet actually the orchid, of all flowers, might well be picked as floral symbol of our export drive. Because today orchids from Britain are bringing thousands of dollars to the country; they rank as one of our most valued minor exports.

Packed neatly in wax-paper shavings and attached to "feeding bottles"—test tubes half-filled with water into which the stems are fitted—orchids are being flown and shipped to many parts of the world, even to countries like Borneo and Brazil where they grow wild in the jungle anyway.

This is not such a crazy case of coals to Newcastle as it might sound.

These export orchids are British hybrids—species derived from careful interbreeding — and are unequalled by any others in the world. In spite of tough competition from Belgium and Australia, Britain still cannot keep pace with the orders for home-bred hybrid orchids. In the United States sales are steadily growing. British orchid farms—there are fewer than a dozen big farms—are still incapable of satisfying the American market, to which most of these blooms are sold.

A typical orchid farm is the Charlesworth nursery at Hayward's Heath, Sussex, founded by Joseph Charlesworth, a wool manufacturer of Yorkshire, who was born almost a century ago.

Charlesworth, like other rich men, was attracted to orchid growing. His hobby became so absorbing that he left the mills and devoted all his time to the scientific cultivation of orchids. He became a world pioneer of hybrid breeding, was elected a member of the Brussels, Ghent and Berlin botanical societies, and excited orchid fanciers all over Europe by the splendid blooms he produced by a secret process.

The industry he founded at Hayward's Heath is earning us much-needed dollars today.

This nursery has the world's best collection of the exquisite white *Crispum*, probably the loveliest orchid known. Before the war, good specimens of this orchid fetched £250 apiece.

Growing Them is Hard Work

Charlesworth once paid £1,700 for an original orchid, and during the mid-nineteenth century shrivelled roots were fetching £500 to £1,000 each. One species, the *Odontoglossum Crispum Pittianum*, was reported to have been sold for £3,000.

The reason why single orchids reach such high prices is that it takes about ten years to produce a mature bloom. Often many plants must be grown before exactly the right kind of orchid blossoms, and during the process expenditure on labour, heat and materials mounts up.

It is tedious and exacting work. Twelve months must pass before the seed—so tiny that it looks like a grain of pepper, but under the microscope something like a small sponge—is even ready to be taken from the pod. The seed is then put into a sterilized flask together with a glue-like chemical. After about eight months the seeds germinate, protected from the bacteria which can kill the embryo orchid.

The miniature plants are "pricked" out into tiny pots and each one is labelled with its category in the pedigree book. The labels and serial numbers are essential. These days the orchid pedigree book contains so many species of hybrids that confusion might easily result.

In this Sussex nursery alone, the annual crop amounts to about 10,000 plants, most of which are set aside for export.

Neither the war nor the labour shortage was allowed to interfere with orchid breeding. Even today—with the "save fuel" drive in progress—growers receive fuel under licence to keep the hothouse furnaces going. The job rates as high as that.

Oddly enough, orchids, once they are fully grown, are hardy flowers. They usually bloom for three months, and plants have been known to live for seventy years. But in the early stages they must be carefully tended in a moist and steamy atmosphere. At one time the fungus method was thought the best way to build bonny orchids. The fungus lived on the roots of the plant and acted as a deterrent to the bacteria which might have attacked the tiny growth. Charlesworth substituted a chemical combination for the fungus.

The Villain of the Piece

Even so, some orchids never reach maturity. Hiding in the moss and fibre used for potting is the villain of the piece—the woodfly, which attacks the young plants. Fumigation and spray are the weapons turned by growers against the woodflies.

There is scarcely any limit to the gorgeous combinations of colour and shape which scientific cross-breeding of orchids can produce.

The *Odontoglossum Crispum* originated on the slopes of the Pacific coast mountain ranges, from Mexico to Peru. It is to regions like this that orchid collectors venture in search of new native specimens. A collector has described his sensations when he came across some wonderful orchids, deep in the South American jungle:

"I only know that I stood there looking upwards," he wrote, "for colour was exploding in our vision in all directions. Lavender flame danced and blazed along the branches and in the forks of the giant trees. It rioted across the line of forest. One solitary orchid is a breath-taking thing—but here were not hundreds but thousands of blooms."

In the cultivation and cross-breeding of these native blooms, Britain has retained world leadership. That is why we can demand and receive dollars from orchid buyers overseas who live comparatively near the regions where the blooms actually originated.

Yet orchids are not bought merely to decorate decorative women. Orchid-growing ranks with yachting and stamp-collecting as a hobby that has a way of attracting millionaires. America's leading and richest collector is Mr. Clint McDade, of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Last year McDade bought 20,000 British orchids for almost £18,000.

But whether for display in a corsage or a collection, these orchids are helping our trade balance and there is little indication that this export line will do anything else but expand from year to year.

Orchids into dollars. . .

The poetically minded may deplore the exchange, but down at the Board of Trade the long-range planners—who might not know an *Odontoglossum Crispum* from a *Crisporore* or a nasturtium—count it glamour well lost that the export drive is helped from such an unexpected source.

DOUGLAS LIVERSIDGE

JOURNEY'S END

by GORDON BECKLES

Seven months ago, John Bull sent out Special Correspondent on the trail of tomorrow in Britain—to discover the plans our towns have for their future, the spirit of their citizens, trends of industry. Now, his mission completed, he looks back on the places he visited and sums up his impressions

Beckles views a Loch Lomond village. New coal pits may reshape Scotland, he says

LAST AUTUMN I SET OUT to see what traces I could find of the pattern of Britain's tomorrow.

It all started after a talk with the Editor of JOHN BULL.

"We knew where we were going while the war was on," he had said. "Now it's so different. We've been so mixed up with the outside world that we get out of focus when we try to look at ourselves. . . . Statistics don't give a picture of Britain today . . . or even suggest what the picture is going to be like."

And so I set out on what to me soon became a pilgrimage. I never for a moment imagined that I would find a satisfactory, all-in answer. I am a reporter, not a prophet. Yet I hoped that some sort of vision of the Britain of tomorrow might be vouchsafed me or that some patchwork pattern might emerge if I collected enough fragments.

I began at Liverpool, and since last autumn I have been to cities that, I found, may one day soon be towns again, and I have been to scrub land on which new, unnamed cities may arise. I have been to the barren Highlands of Scotland and through the tortured and twisting valleys of South Wales. I have talked to war-wise Oxford undergraduates and hard-bitten Tyneside shipyard men. I have wandered about the streets of the East End of London and across the rich farm lands of Norfolk. I have seen such contrasts—of race, scenery and purpose—that at times it has seemed as if I were covering a continent instead of a small island.

Now, that suggests a good start: to look at a map of the world and see how ridiculously small we appear. I remember one freezing day last winter in a northbound train. A man (he was a Norwegian) said: "It is so sad that your big country . . ."

"Small country, you mean," corrected the Scot to whom he was talking. "Man, we're a wee country!"

Paradox of Britain

Both, of course, were right. The paradox of Britain has for centuries been that we are a little country but a great nation. No small part of the pattern of tomorrow depends on whether we can maintain this balance. And for how long.

When I write those words "I remember," a hundred and one memories—of people, places and things heard—flood into my mind. Perhaps it might keep the pattern a little tidier if I roughly boxed the compass, as sailors used to say: north, south, east and west. Like this:

NORTH. I remember an evening spent with a venerable Scot in Argyllshire. Perhaps the pattern of the past was the more vivid picture I obtained that night: for he was over eighty, and could remember the days when Scottish industry was young, when men were flocking south from the barren Highlands to find work in the Lanarkshire coalfields and the shipbuilding yards.

In little more than a century the whole balance and tone of Scottish life was changed from a rugged

At Liverpool docks. Not shipping's future but cotton's was causing a local upset

Exchange of views at Treforest, S. Wales. Everywhere accent was on female labour

A word with students at Oxford. Then on to "atom farm"—master key to tomorrow

forest-grazing country to a factory with a world market for its ships and trade.

And now, in the years ahead, it is about to change again.

The picture of the future here seems pretty clear—indeed, as clear as anywhere in Britain—and the story is this: for over a century the Lanarkshire coalfields have made the west side of Scotland the industrial side, with Glasgow as its grim, grimy and bustling capital, and the Clyde as its artery. The accidental nature of it all strikes you when you see a ship like the *Queen Mary* being launched into what seems just a stream.

Why? Because that was the place selected for shipbuilding a hundred years ago when ships were mere cockle-shells in comparison.

Mass Move to the East

Now the Lanark coalfields are exhausting themselves. But coal has been found in the county of Fife, on the east side of Scotland, not far from the capital, aloof, aristocratic Edinburgh. So in the near future there is likely to be a mass transfer of population and a consequent alteration in the Scottish picture.

Already, plans are being made for new mining towns in Fife, model communities for miners, they say; already a road-traffic bridge is being planned across the Firth of Forth to parallel the present railway classic; already . . . well, to many Scots on the spot, "tomorrow" presents itself as a roseate dawn after years of the uncertainty of dusk.

"Aye," said a man in the Scottish Office in Edinburgh, showing me the shape of a new estate for light industries—which were lamentably few before the war—"we fairly bristle with plans now; we know where we are going at last."

Then across the border and down to the Tyne.

Does America, I wondered in Newcastle—a place for which I have an odd affection—know that the bulk of the world's ships are being built in Britain? I wondered because I had been talking to two Americans who had the impression that Britain's industry was emaciated, starved, derelict. And I thought of that other American who, in 1945, argued that the *Queen Mary* was an American ship, only flying the British flag by courtesy of the Lease-Lend Act.

The Tyne yards are as busy as they could be. But how long will it go on? At present the new ships are largely to replace war losses. But you cannot maintain an industry on the strength of two major wars every thirty years.

The average age of usefulness of a merchant ship in peacetime is thirty-five to forty-five years. By the time this present crop of vessels is worn out, in 1980 or so, freight-carrying by air may be on a wholesale scale.

So the vision of the future is rather dimmed.

The Board of Trade, however, is trying to keep the picture in focus.

"We want to get the new enterprises going before the old ones are in danger of slumping," they told me. "We have pretty good memories here of the depression in the 'heavy' industries after the first war."

Out Sunderland way I saw sites for factories to make refrigerators, wireless parts, telephones, confectioneries and lingerie. Wearside lingerie!

All over Britain there are traces of this Government plan to redistribute the lighter industries. Well, we'll move down now to the—

WEST. When I went to the Rhondda Valley in South Wales I knew that the thing to do, the thing to write about, was the coal mines.

It did not quite turn out that way. In any case, everything that could be written about coal has been written ten thousand and ten times already.

When you say "South Wales," I don't think so much of coal but of an auburn-haired girl of just seventeen whom I met in Treforest, the slightly Hollywood-looking factory estate on the way to Merthyr Tydfil. She worked in one of the factories at thirty-two shillings a week. She was the daughter of a miner, and she said: "Father does not like me working." Still, there she was, coming in a bus every morning from farther up the valley, a self-confident child and a lot better off than her London sisters who spend a couple of hours every day in tubes or buses.

Treforest is one of the Government-sponsored South Wales schemes, and there are 213 "projects" under way.

All-Women Factories

It was the girl, however, who interested me most.

I was to meet her sisters all over Britain. They say that this is the age of the "common man." I would say that you might just as well call it the age of the "working girl."

Why is this?

Largely because of the development of labour-saving machinery and methods of manufacture. Work once done by the craftsmanship and sweat of the father of the family can now be done quicker, cheaper and often with more efficiency by the young daughter, who a generation ago would be at home helping mother—who herself is probably with her daughters in one of the new all-women factories.

I shall not quickly forget the withering scorn turned on me in Nottingham when I mentioned plastics.

"Plastics!" they said, as if talking about leprosy.

What tomorrow may see in the realm of plastics is a thing I am not competent to deal with. But already today one pull of a handle by an adolescent can produce an article that might have taken hours to make a few years ago.

What worries me is what will happen when the drive for "exports" begins to exhaust itself in a few years' time. Will labour-saving machinery lead to, say, a three-day working week? Or will there come a time in the future when there will not be enough work for able-bodied men, and the temptation to leave this small island for the larger and safer world overseas proves too great for too many?

That is no fancy vision. Emigration reduced the population of Ireland from eight to four million in a century. New factories of one kind and another were providing work in our own island for a population that increased from twenty-four to forty-four millions in that same century.

The birth rate today is the highest for twenty-five years. Such things are temporary. When it comes to picturing the size of Britain's population tomorrow, say in fifty years' time, your guess is as good as mine.

What else do I remember in the west?

It was in Liverpool that I first came across the revolt against Whitehall "dictatorship." There it concerned itself with the enforced closing of their Cotton Exchange. In other places it is manifested in deep feeling against the Government's plans for taking over the local electricity and gas services, developed with local ratepayers' money.

EAST. Do I remember best the talk about more scientific farming in the future with a Norfolk farmer, or a chat with a citizen of the East End of London?

Nearly every national problem of today seems to be suspended on wires pulled from that cumbersome, bloated Goliath called London, which may once have been able to run an empire but is now hardly able to control its own limbs.

For perhaps 150 years the words "East End" have been almost synonymous with the word "slums." Yet it was only in the eighteenth-century yesterday that the well-to-do lived comfortable, even luxurious lives in such places as Bethnal Green. You can see their fine Georgian houses all over the East End even today.

Tomorrow may see Bethnal Green and Bermondsey once again the homes of middle-income workers. London (as in all the world's great cities for no logical reason) has grown westwards, so that some office workers travel twenty miles each morning to work, where they might more conveniently and cheaply have homes a couple of miles away if they chose to live in the east.

London is a microcosm of the whole of Britain, in that at the moment it is a boiling, bubbling melting pot. Mayfair? It has become an office district. Belgravia, too, will soon say goodbye to the duchesses, and its mansions will house "nine-to-fivers." The Bank of England is moving 1,200 clerks from the City to Piccadilly.

Everything today is on the move.

SOUTH. I remember Brighton, and wondering whether we have lost (or never had?) the art of graceful leisure and getting the best out of holidays. I remember Portsmouth and its pride in Southsea's sale of municipal refreshments to seaside visitors. I remember an evening with the pilots of the flying boats in Poole Harbour and their belief that in forty years' time their craft will have superseded such vessels as the *Queen Mary* (over which, while held up by fog, one of the pilots had flown that morning).

I remember the problem of Plymouth, where I

Priestley's Page

In this exclusive feature each week J. B. Priestley comments on subjects raised by John Bull readers

Q. "What is your view of the distribution of honours by a Labour Government?"

IF by honours you mean titles, then I consider their distribution by the Labour Government to be a profound mistake. I do not blame the trade union leaders and others who have accepted peerages, because clearly they have done so for political reasons, in order that Labour should be represented in the House of Lords.

Nevertheless, the policy seems to me a mistaken one. It is playing a game that Labour should refuse to play. It is continuing a tradition that, in my view, ought to be sharply discontinued by Socialists. It suggests that a Britain many of us do not particularly admire or like should be preserved unchanged.

The other two political parties gave rich influential men, whose public services were often hard to discover, peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods, until this feudal fancy-dress party became absurd.

The Labour honours are far better deserved, and have not been bought by cold cash, as the others often were. But it would have been wiser to have decided from the first that while Labour ruled there should be no more of this nonsense. It would have helped to make ordinary people feel that they were indeed living in a new Britain.

That does not mean that honours of any kind should be barred. People like to be singled out and honoured by their community, as the Russians have discovered.

The Labour Government might have set their wits to work to devise some new honours, without feudal associations—honours that nobody could buy—and then have awarded such honours to scientists, artists, public workers of all kinds.

This, I believe, would have been a move as popular as it would have been wise. But why go on with the silly old tawdry game that nobody has respected for years and years?

Q. "Can you describe the qualifications of a good broadcaster of talks?"

HE must combine satisfactory matter with a satisfactory manner. First, he must be able to write talks that, when they are read into the microphone, will interest the average listener. Many kinds of writing, admirable though they are in print, are quite unsuitable for the air.

The style must be fairly simple in structure, though it need not be too simple, and it should be a personal style.

If the talk is in the essay manner, then it should have touches of good vivid description, to make the listener *see* something as he listens. And it should be neither too concentrated nor too diffuse. If it is too concentrated, then the listener, who cannot go back as the reader can, may not follow the line of thought. If it is too diffuse, then the listener, who cannot skip as the reader can, may easily become irritated and feel that his or her time is being wasted.

All this is very tricky, although experience helps a great deal. But this is only half of it.

Many able writers, for instance, can produce good talks, but they cannot broadcast them. They may stammer or have some impediment in their speech or merely have voices that do not suit the microphone. If possible the talker's personality should emerge from the loudspeaker. The listeners must not feel that some vague personality is merely reading to them.

Two superbly natural broadcasting personalities were John Hilton and Mr. Middleton, to whom I often listened even though their particular subjects made no appeal to me.

But I myself do not accept the view, common in broadcasting circles, that a very free-and-easy air makes a first-class broadcaster. It depends very much on the subject of the talks, and some of the free-and-easy gentlemen seem to me rather irritating, sounding as if they could not bother to talk to me properly.

A serious subject demands from the broadcaster a serious manner, a certain gravity and weight in his delivery.

When preparing or delivering a broadcast talk, I never imagine myself talking to one person, which assumption is the basis of the very free-and-easy, but imagine myself talking rather carefully to a group of four or five persons.

Most politicians are bad broadcasters—and ought to be kept off the air until they know better—because they think they are addressing a very large meeting and so insist upon the platform manner.

Finally, it is this combination of suitable matter with a suitable manner that makes good broadcast talkers so hard to find. Some have the matter but not the manner, and some have the manner without the matter.

Nevertheless, I have always believed that there are more potential good broadcasters about than the wireless programmes would have us believe.

Q. "What do you think about Ben Hecht's campaign to subsidize Jewish terrorists against our troops in Palestine?"

BEN HECHT tells us that he is being badly misquoted in various interviews with him, and that may be the case. But even so, he still cuts a grotesque figure.

He would be more impressive if he were now on his way to Palestine instead of enjoying his publicity at home.

Again, he appears to be under the impression that the Palestine problem is a Jewish-British one, and conveniently forgets the existence of the Arabs.

It is ironical, to my mind, that he should imagine that we British are anti-Semitic, if only because I have met more serious prejudice against the Jews in America in one day than I have met in Britain in six months. (One example: hotels and similar places in America frequently point out that they are "For Gentiles Only," and I have yet to meet this pointed exclusion in Britain.)

If, as it appears, Mr. Hecht enjoys fervid campaigning and propaganda-making on a big scale, he could make good use of his energy and talents by starting a campaign in favour of admitting more European Jews into the United States and of obtaining for them rather better social treatment when they arrived there.

And even he can hardly accuse me of being "a brutal British imperialist."

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Continued from previous page

ended my pilgrimage. And I remember an evening with two married undergraduates in Christ Church in Oxford and the debate as to whether or not "planning" was worth while just for the sake of planning.

We were in the heart of what had once been as lovely a city as any in the world, but laziness and lack of any sort of plan for Oxford had allowed industry to infiltrate in its most disagreeable form. I forget how that debate finished, but I remember we talked a lot about tomorrow.

For on the next morning I was going to drive out from the atmosphere of the known past into the realm of the unknown future; forty minutes from Oxford is the "atom farm," as they now call it locally, the experimental station where, behind barbed wire and protected by armed guards, they are seeing how atomic energy can be harnessed to the peaceful needs of the future.

And I suppose that here, almost in the dead centre of England, was my real journey's end. For no country in the world—because of our peculiar needs, shortcomings, shape and lack of resources—may be transformed by atomic energy as much as the Britain of tomorrow. No coal? No smoke? Free light and heat? Yesterday it was an H. G. Wells dream; today it is something of a nightmare; but tomorrow?

The Spirit of Britons

Now, there is one thing more I find in my crowded notes, and that is the spirit of the people. And I have been trying to report on this by interviewing myself.

Did I find people generally "tired out" and "listless"? No, I did not find people generally any more "numbed," "apathetic," "lethargic" or "depressed" than they usually are. American observers are always apt to think that people who don't whoop, hustle and make as much noise doing things as they themselves do cannot be up to scratch. It is just our way to be quieter and grumble.

What did I think of the dozen cities I visited? I found a new and refreshing municipal spirit everywhere, and it ranged from pride in civic rebuilding schemes down to smouldering resentment against long-range bossing by London. All this is a good sign if it results in better cities, the majority of which are a disgrace to the country.

While, overseas, beautiful cities have been created by British brains and brawn all over the Empire, during these very years, the mother country has allowed her own hearths to go unswept. We must recapture our old sense of the beautiful and colourful.

Did I find many traces of a new interest in the arts outside London? No, not much. A symphony orchestra here and there does not constitute a musical renaissance. London leads in this new interest in culture.

And religious feeling? I wish that I could write that I found evidence of a great resurgence of Christian faith; but I cannot. I think that among the saddest sights in Britain are the towers and spires and steeples of what were once shrines and are now little more than museum pieces.

The Destiny of Britain

So much for my attempt to find out what life in Britain tomorrow might be like.

Last autumn, after standing by Pier Head in Liverpool, I wrote of how, twenty-seven years before, I had landed at that same spot—a young Canadian with one world war behind him—and of how I had wondered whether Britain was the land of opportunity and promise. Would I face it today with the same optimism and faith in our destiny?

Perhaps one answer to my search for tomorrow lies in the answer to my own question: yes, I would!

FREE SPEECH

★ Price of Equal Pay for Women
★ Seeing the Other Man's Viewpoint
★ Sixth Formers' Guide to Next Election

MR. ATTLEE AND HIS COLLEAGUES were unsuccessful in resisting the demand for equal pay for the sexes, made at the Labour Party Conference at Margate. But, in my opinion, they were right.

The country cannot afford sex equality at the moment. And, more important, women are not yet ready for it. While quite willing to accept larger pay packets every Friday, they are definitely not prepared for the real equality that must go with equal pay.

Once the principle of equal pay is in operation, these things must follow:

When a marriage breaks up, a wife must be prepared to face the world on her own without financial backing from her husband. In cases of separation, a woman must expect no allowance and must share the cost of supporting any children of the marriage.

In restaurants a woman must be prepared to tip on the same scale as a man. And, in the home, she must not fall back on feminine wheedling if she wants a new hat.

Would women submit to these conditions of the equal pay system?—J. HOUSEMAN, Manchester Road, Baxenden, Lancs.

"Middle of the Road" Majority

AMONG THE EXTREMES of opinion expressed in "Free Speech," we seldom read the views of the "middle of the road" people—the men and women who are good conservatives over some things and honest radicals over others.

Has not this war taught us that extremes are always wrong? Why cannot a self-respecting working man brave the shop stewards and speak his mind about the good in private enterprise (if he sees some good); why cannot a decent employer speak his mind at a board meeting if he sees that a body of workers have a case?

The fact is that the vast majority of people—who are "middle of the road" people—have no voice today.—WM. BACHELOR, Mawson Road, Cambridge.

What the Upper Arts Think

I AM A SIXTH FORMER at one of the bigger of the more modern public schools and I thought it would be interesting to carry out a poll on political opinion among my ten fellow students of Upper Arts.

This was the result: Liberal, two; Socialist of various hues, five; Communist, one; "Don't care," two.

I am seventeen. Some of us will be voting in the next election.—PETER WALES, 47 Warwick Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport.

A Place for the Night

ATTENTION, all hikers and bikers. When stopping the night for bed and breakfast, take a look at the garden before knocking at the door.

A neatly planted and weed-free garden means you will get good service and cleanliness, no matter how humble the home. I have proved the worth of this simple test time and time again.—N. DOWLING, 10 Radnor Road, Bristol 7.

Labelling Religious Beliefs

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS—when joining up and on entering hospital, for instance—I have been asked my religion and at the same time told I must be Roman Catholic, Church of England or some other denomination. I am not allowed to give my religion as "Christian."

If the right is recognized for special interpretation of the teachings of Christ surely I have a right, too, as an individual? The insistence on attaching a label to my religious beliefs is a gross impertinence.—ERNEST ASHLEY, Buttery Lane, Skegby, Mansfield, Notts.

Horrible Child

DO YOU NOT THINK this is the limit for parental indulgence?

A woman saw her nine-year-old son approaching in a busy street. He was puffing at a full-length cigarette and said he had just bought it. She shook him gently and told him to be careful that the policeman did not see him.

I was so flabbergasted that I nipped

"... she shook him gently"

into the tobacconist's and broke a month-old vow by buying myself five cigarettes.—F. B. PRYOR, 7 London Road, Edinburgh.

Furniture's There, But—

FURNITURE SHOWROOMS are chock-full of Utility goods and the manufacturers continue to pour out unlimited supplies. But the shopkeepers say they cannot sell the stuff because most "eligibles" have spent all their units.

The shops are overwhelmed with inquiries from people who have no dockets but who need furniture to replace things long worn out. Cannot the Board of Trade do something about it?—JOHN ROBERTS, Hadleigh, Wannock Lane, Willingdon, Eastbourne.

Incentive for Housewives

HOW CAN ANY HOUSEWIFE help resenting housework when all around she sees badly worn and faded curtains, carpets and bed linen?

If only more things could be got to brighten the home I am sure housework would be more joyously—and therefore better—done.—MRS. M. PEMBRIDGE, 39 Maesglas Grove, Newport, Monmouth.

Age of Progress (10 m.p.h.)

WITH THE INTRODUCTION of the new traffic rules for Central London it now apparently takes less than seventeen minutes to drive in a private car from Marble Arch to Holborn Circus, as against thirty-two minutes previously.

What a wonderful thing is progress! On my calculation the distance is about three miles, which means that we can now move through London at the magnificent speed of about ten miles an hour. Soon we may even be able to travel in the Metropolis as fast as our grandfathers did in the good old horse and carriage days.—J. DEVONISH, 112 King Henry's Road, London, N.W.3.

Tie of the Cottage

CLAUD MORRIS has omitted one important point in his articles on food—the question of "tied cottages."

Take my own case. I am a skilled land worker used to raising food crops, and with my heart in doing so; but when I came out of the Services I had to take a job in private service with a tied cottage so that we could get a roof over our heads. And now I and thousands like me are wasting time looking after rich men's lawns and flower beds when we could be doing something worth while.

We would jump at those jobs in agriculture if we could find somewhere to live without the blackmail of the tied cottage.

It is this blackmail which forces me to work from 6.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.—B. L. (Name and address enclosed.)

Girl volunteers arrive at farming camp. A reader was disillusioned after offering help in food drive

Spur—and Brake

SPURRED ON by the knowledge of the country's food shortage, I went for two weeks to a volunteer agricultural camp. Most of the time I spent weeding a farmer's daffodils.—D. J. BAREFIELD, 53 Powder Mill Lane, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

The Whitehall Farmers

I HOPE MR. TOM WILLIAMS and his Ministry of Agriculture will read and digest Claud Morris's excellent articles, but I fear the "Whitehall farmers" have little real interest in our agriculture outside its political aspects.

For years I have been trying to impress on the Ministry the vital need to make use of our sewage sludge for soil enrichment. Scientifically processed, it is an invaluable fertilizer, possessing many advantages over artificial manure. Yet the country is spending vast sums on getting rid of it as quickly as possible.

The Agricultural Research Council has recommended the mass processing of this substance, but the Ministry has adopted a chilly attitude towards it, though it would cost less than half as much as imported chemical soil-foods.—H. J. HOLFORD, Bowden, Tavistock, Devon.

∴ The three letters printed above are among the large number still reaching JOHN BULL on the food deadlock following Claud Morris's series of four articles.

Every Man to his Job

WHY DO RADIO ARTISTS not stick to their own jobs?

The lover of organ music switches on and finds the organist doing more talking than playing. The alleged comedian, instead of telling funny stories, too often murders a sentimental ditty. A talented pianist tries to sing. Why?—RORY MOORE, 5 Arundel Street, Brighton.

This Page, This Britain

JOHN BULL is sent out to me each week and I would not miss it for all the tea in India. I love "Free Speech"—it is a book in itself. Readers grumble, they have brilliant suggestions, they poke fun at each other.

I like it all because it shows, no matter what the pessimists say, that the British are not lying back. They are the same old people.—G. PRATT, R.A.F. General Hospital, Karachi 4, India Command.

★ LETTERS *intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

NAUTICAL TERMS

(1) What is meant by avast; abeam? (2) When is a ship said to be on her beam ends? (3) How do you "box the compass"? (4) If you had a kedge, would you row it, drop it, or run a sail up it? (5) Who or what is a Bosun's Peggy?

NON-FICTION

(1) Who broke the tradition of pious biography with his *Eminent Victorians*? (2) What is the subject of the recently published book, *My Eyes Have a Cold Nose*? (3) Who told the *Story of San Michele*? (4) What is the title of naturalist Gilbert White's famous book? (5) Which authors wrote about themselves in *Truth About an Author*; *Experiment in Autobiography*?

TEA

(1) There is caffeine in both tea and coffee—what is it and which contains more? (2) What is the origin of "char," the slang term for tea? (3) Do you think that the average English person drinks about 1 lb., 10 lb., or 100 lb. of tea a year? (4) What sort of ships contested the Great Tea Race of 1866? (5) Why is tea that has been standing too long bitter?

NORTHERN EUROPE

(1) The capital of Norway changed its name in 1925; from what to what? (2) Has Lapland its own Government? (3) Who is Finland's greatest living composer? (4) In what town did Hamlet live? (5) At 89, King Gustav is Europe's oldest monarch; which is his country?

GRAMMAR

(1) What does "No nice girl never mixes up her double negatives" mean literally? (2) "Tons of money" is an example of a cliche, and of another grammatical conception; which? (3) What part of speech is the first word in the statement "Answering quizzes is easy? (4) Three of the following nouns have feminine forms: Quaker, artist, tailor, giant; what are they? (5) What is wrong with the sentence "She likes feline cats"?

[*Answers on page 22*]

Each week Herbert Hodge views things from the angle of the ordinary man

as I was saying ...

SLAPDASH

I SEEM TO HAVE SPENT most of my time on this page recently doing what I can to answer questions. This week I'd like to ask one. If anyone knows the answer, I'll be glad to hear it—simply the answer as it affects them, individually. If I get enough answers I can collate the lot, and perhaps make something of the whole.

The question is this: What's come over us lately? What's making so many of us slack and sloppy? Why do so many people seem not to care whether they finish a job off properly or not? Why are our shops so full of poor, botched, amateurish stuff, instead of well-made articles? Why, in short, aren't we the workmen we used to be?

It's possible, I agree, that I'm imagining all this. In my middle forties I may be already getting old, and, like many old people, beginning to look back on the days of my youth as the "good old days"—when every workman as a matter of course was a first-rate craftsman.

But I don't think I've got to the stage of imagining that yet. All the same, it seems to me there's a difference. Let me quote a few instances that have lately come my way.

A friend of mine had the builders in a little while ago. His house, neglected through the war, badly needed repointing. The builders accordingly did the repointing, and drew their money. But now, a few months later, the mortar is crumbling away and falling out. The gaps between the bricks are beginning to look as bad as ever they did.

It Was Sheer Waste

I don't know enough about building to know whether this is due to bad materials or bad workmanship. But what I can't understand is why two grown men should waste all that precious time and labour, putting in something which they know—or should know—is soon going to fall out.

Another man I know took his car into a garage for a slight repair. This repair involved taking off the front wheel and removing the roller-bearing inside the hub. The mechanic on the job put the roller-bearing on the floor beside him. A garage floor, of course, is seldom the kind of floor you can eat your dinner off. This one certainly wasn't. So it was possible that a greasy roller-bearing might collect some grit.

The mechanic, however, when the time came to reassemble the wheel, picked up the bearing, just as it was, and began to put it in the hub. Then he bethought himself—or perhaps he felt a piece of grit against his fingers. Anyway, he took it off again, gave it one quick dip in a can of filthy paraffin which happened to be within reach; slapped it on; added nut, pin and hub cap, but not a spot of fresh grease—and that was another job done.

My friend stood by, too flabbergasted to speak, until it was too late and the hub cap was on. And then, since the job was done, and he had an appointment to keep, he decided to say nothing, but to take the wheel off himself, when he got home, and do the job properly.

I know at least enough about the motor trade to know what a real mechanic would call that sort of thing. My first job was in a garage when I left school. It was a small garage. The boss did most of the repairs himself. He had his own ideas about teaching me the trade. One of my jobs was to clean the dismantled parts before handing them to him for assembly. If I handed him a gear-wheel with so much as one speck of dirt, or old grease, embedded between the teeth, he'd swear at me. If I handed him a second one like it, he'd throw it at me.

I thought I was very hard done by at the time, but, looking back now, I think he managed to teach me a thing or two—even if his methods were rather rough and ready. I feel sure there must be much more scientific methods of teaching the trade today, but I can't help wondering whether the lessons stick so well.

The next instance concerns a woman friend of mine who bought a comic saucepan. Or, at least, it would have been comic.

It was a sort of patent, popping saucepan. The only way I can describe it is by saying that it had been made boss-eyed—so boss-eyed that every time you set it on the stove and turned away, the lid popped off. You could jam that lid on as hard as you liked. It made no difference. As soon as you turned your back, off it popped.

Who's to Blame?

She took it back to the shop. The man was surprised. Not by the saucepan—but by the fact that she wanted him to change it. According to him, everybody was buying them; and, apparently, finding them first rate. It wasn't an isolated saucepan. When he finally agreed to change it and she, with her newly acquired eye, examined the rest of his stock, she found they were all much the same.

Well, there it is. I could quote plenty more instances from my own recent experience and that of my friends. But those three instances are typical enough.

What's the cause of it? Who's to blame; management or worker—or both?

I've known instances before the war where the management was definitely to blame—for hounding on the workers until they turned out slapdash work at high speed in fear of the sack. But I find it difficult to believe that many people are working under such conditions at the moment. And in the case of builders and the motor-mechanics, those particular jobs could hardly have taken more time to do well than badly.

Surely this is something that even Colonel Blimp can't lay at the door of the Labour Government. Nor can it be entirely due to shortage of materials. What *has* come over us? I wish I knew.

by Herbert Hodge

Talking Points About U. S. A.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—population 140,000,000; area, 3,612,789 square miles—is the richest country in the world. But New York City is £750,000,000 in debt, has one nurse for each fifty-two city hospital beds, is cutting social services, and pays its teachers less than its dustmen.

★ ★ ★

Over 200,000 American teachers earn £6 a week or less—in a country where life is half as dear again as here. The U.S.A. spends 1.5 per cent of its national income on education; we spend 3 per cent; Russia nearly 8 per cent.

★ ★ ★

Crime does not pay. It certainly doesn't pay America. In 1945 there were 6,847 murders; 11,537 cases of rape; about 50,000 robberies; 320,000 burglaries; 240,000 car thefts; and nearly 100,000 serious assaults. These crimes are reported in 1,800 daily newpapers (345 morning, 1,455 evening); and in the 475 Sunday newspapers.

★ ★ ★

But Americans feel prosperous and happy. In June, 1945, Government Savings Bank deposits were over £664,839,000. Since then they have dropped alarmingly and there are signs of a slump ahead. Steak for two at a middle price New York restaurant comes to well over thirty shillings. Butter is five shillings a pound. On the other hand, luxuries tend to be cheaper (by our standards) than necessities. In prewar days, cars and refrigerators were far cheaper than here.

★ ★ ★

Columbus, who came from Genoa, discovered America in 1492, while in the service of Spain. John Cabot, also a Genoese, reached Labrador in 1497, thinking it was China. Henry VII, who sent him, gave him £10 for his trouble. The Vikings probably reached America four of five hundred years earlier.

★ ★ ★

The *Mayflower*, double-decked three-master, 100 feet long, sailed from Plymouth in September, 1620. It carried 102 Puritan colonists, of whom one died on the voyage, though the birth of a child balanced the figures. By next April, only fifty were alive—their fishhooks had proved too big for the fish in Cape Cod Bay.

★ ★ ★

We lost what are now the United States because when the Americans, under Washington, rebelled, a War Office official, going off for the weekend, omitted to send dispatches to General Howe in New York, telling him to link up with General Burgoyne, who was marching from Canada. Burgoyne, unsupported, surrendered in 1777. Months later the pigeon-holed dispatch was discovered.

★ ★ ★

President Abraham Lincoln was shot in a Washington theatre soon after the Civil War. There is evidence that highly placed officials of his Government may have connived at his murder. Two other Presidents were also assassinated—James A. Garfield and William McKinley.

★ ★ ★

America is now turning fiercely anti-Red, which many of her prominent citizens have always been. Here is a statement from one of them: "*We must keep America whole and safe and unspoiled. We must keep the worker away from Red literature, see his mind remains healthy.*" (Quotation is from the late Al Capone.)

★ ★ ★

To many Americans, the British Empire still remains a symbol of oppression. A young Irish playwright, Kieran Tunney, recently in New York, found himself under fire at dinner. "Look at the way you treat your Indians," he was told. "Well, at least ours are still alive," he answered. "—what about yours?"

"On a given signal we rush the ship's officers and seize the ship. The Japanese do not like it and often there is fighting"

HO LUNG PASSES

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

The Law and Piracy are strange bedfellows, though they both imply a degree of toughness. But Ho Lung was at the same time a sentimentalist

GOOD MORNING! *I—ah—didn't get the name, Mr.* ——

Lung. I am Lung. Chinese names are difficult, even for a lawyer who numbers many of my grateful countrymen among his clients here in London.

I am glad to meet any friend of the General, Mr. Lung. What can I do for you?

First I must ask your pardon for intruding upon you at your house instead of at your place of business. My mission could not wait for the morrow. The moulder of pots is tied to his shed, but wisdom may fall from the lips of the scholar wherever he may walk.

Ah—quite so, Mr. Lung. I see that the General writes in his letter: "The bearer is as my brother."

It is necessary that you should have confidence in me. I must return to China by air tonight.

But—I gathered you had just arrived in London?

The wildfowl may not linger long away from her nest. I come to you on a matter of the utmost importance. A small enough matter with which to concern you, but the world itself to me. To the wayside frog a muddy pool is the world.

Very—ah—true, Mr. Lung. And your problem?

You will appreciate that what I have to say to you is in confidence?

Have no fear, Mr. Lung. Within these four walls—doubtless you know the saying! You speak very good English, Mr. Lung.

I was at school in this country and at Cambridge—as you will hear. I was even called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn, but—as you will also hear—I never practised.

You do not live in England then, Mr. Lung?

I have lived in China ever since I returned home some years ago. My family perished at the hands of the Japanese. The voice of sorrow is echoed from peak to peak.

Our saying is that bad news travels fast.

It does indeed. And in matters of sorrow the Ancients had the saying: My lips have gone a long journey from my ears.

I understand that you would not wish to

speak of the tragedy, Mr. Lung. May I ask how old you are, Mr. Lung?

I am twenty-seven in this incarnation.

I—ah—yes. Well, perhaps you will tell me your story.

When I reached my home I found my father had been killed. He was a wealthy man and a scholar of repute. He died by bayonets. My brothers were dead. My mother and my sisters taken none knew where. My father's houses were scattered to the winds, with only a servant here and there to tell me the tale. My father lies unburied in some corner where his son and the sons to come may never know.

You have my deepest sympathy, Mr. Lung. Your country has suffered more than can be imagined.

I had no money, only—such is the fire of youth—my determination to act. My profession would, perhaps, surprise you.

There is little that can surprise a man of affairs such as myself. What is your calling?

I am a pirate.

You—God bless me! A pirate, Mr. Lung?

That is correct. It is a fact I must confide to you since there are matters I wish you to undertake on my behalf.

Mr. Lung, I really. . . .

You need have no professional scruples. Have you not the General's letter?

Go on, Mr. Lung. I am listening.

Since leaving Cambridge I have spent six years in China.

Engaged as—ahem—a pirate?

Such has been my trade. There are those who have learned to respect me. Indeed, there is a name used by some when I am spoken of.

I'm interested to know what it is.

In the Chinese idiom, Tiger-that-bites-backwards.

Indeed? And the business you would wish me to transact is connected with—your trade?

IT is a proverb that out of the dung-heap a sweet flower grows. To answer your question I must make a long explanation. I have been thinking in my mind of this and that during my voyage. Error falls before the scythe-stroke of repeated thought. What I have to say to you must be said. It is written that folly comes when a man whispers in the ears of his concubines, but wisdom when he confides in the ear of his elderly adviser.

Doubtless very wisely written, too.

I have your permission to launch my poor story?

I can't make any promises, of course, until I have heard what you want me to do, Mr. Lung. But certainly tell me your story. And, if I may say so, I think I should add that anything you may have to say to me is not likely to be, whatever else it may be, too long.

It is remitted. I offer you a thousand-thousand thanks. Firstly then, the profession of piracy is not held to be dishonourable in my country. Especially among the sons of great families whose rank prevents them becoming soldiers. You have heard of the pirates of the Coast? We take toll of passing vessels. There is a guild against us, but nothing will stop piracy on the Coast. It has flourished for two thousand years. They call this association the China Coast Officers' Guild.

I have heard of it.

When I found my family gone I took to the seas. With me I took some small following of those of the House of Lung who were without occupation, and still living through taking to cellars and other such convenient refuges.

I have stopped a great number of ships and taken toll. Some I have seized. Need I tell you that those would all be Japanese vessels?

And they called you the Tiger that can bite both ways?

That perhaps is a better translation of the vernacular than I gave. I have prospered. Had I a house to re-establish I could now establish it and raise sons to honour the tablets of our ancestors.

I understand. You have my sincere sympathy. But this fortune, Mr. Lung? In what form?

In the form of a credit, now of sterling, lodged at the Bank of England.

But—piracy. . . .

With you it is taxation. With us piracy. The difference between the tiger and the fireside cat, says the Poet Lao, is one of size. I take but a small proportion of what I find on the seas, and many escape me. Can you say that of taxation?

I'm beginning to lose my sense of values as well as of morals, Mr. Lung. Please go on. I would rather like, if I might—and I assure you I shall respect your confidence—to hear just how you—ah—practise your profession.

It is granted. Together with my men, whom I trust as I would have trusted my brothers, we ship as deck passengers in a chosen vessel.

The Japanese generally overload their cargo ships with coolies at so much a head, trusting that if the vessel should, after all, be too full for safety, some of them will surely die and the matter right itself by Nature.

ON a given signal we rush the ship's officers and seize the ship. The Japanese do not like it and often there is fighting. But, well chosen, the affair passes easily enough, especially as a wise leader chooses a small ship.

What do you do with the ships, Mr. Lung?

I use them or burn them as may seem wise. I have not taken many ships. Indeed, I only take ships to replace the damage that gets done, when I take toll, to the ships I may be using. Need I tell you that I have never touched a British or American ship? Such a name as I have made for myself on the Coast is one that is often spoken of with gratitude by English sailors.

I'm glad to hear it.

It is not spoken of with gratitude by the Japanese.

I'm glad to hear that, too.

I have travelled to London to tell you about the only Englishman I have ever captured

An—Englishman?

Sometimes we hold prisoners to ransom. But not this one.

Mr. Lung, I. . . .

Have no fear, my good friend, I come to do him a service, not to add to my fortune at his expense. I must insist now that you hear me out.

Very well.

YOU will find a letter written by this Englishman among the papers I have given you. I wish you to spare no effort in finding a Miss Margaret Lindsay Lane. I wish you to hand her this letter, together with other trifles of which I will speak later. I have only the last known address of this lady, but she must be found.

Having found her, you will—as a man of the highest standing in your profession—persuade her to act according to my wishes, which you will satisfy yourself are in her own best interests. The size of your fee does not concern me. The success of your mission does.

We can discuss fees later, if necessary. I think you had better give me details before I bind my good name.

It is granted. It is written that it is hard for a man to open his heart unless he finds one who has the key that will turn the lock. I am shamed before you. But I must speak so that you may understand and do what I ask. You will pass over my embarrassment?

You may treat this room as the confessional. I am only a professional pair of ears. And—how did you put it? My lips have gone on a long journey.

I bind my spirit to serve you in a thousand generations! In China we do not talk of certain things. Even to my honoured father I would not have spoken of this. Yet I must speak to you. It is a saying of the Poet Mencius that even a pig must swim or perish in a flood.

I understand.

My eldest brother, rather than enter into a marriage that was unwelcome to him, chose to die.

He—killed himself?

It happened that he died wasting away. The tale of *M'sou-hiang* speaks of one light as the Breath of the Blossom Wind, graceful as the floating lotus, whose skin was soft to the touch as a moth's wing. Yet this Other One had eyes softer than the wing of a moth. Indeed, they were eyes that could envisage nothing but good of the world. And her lips were petal-stains on the ivory whiteness of her skin.

One moment, Mr. Lung! The tale to which you refer. . . .

I speak of no tale, but of an English girl. Like threads in the tapestry of the

Continued on page 21

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Doing it on Principle

THE late Arnold Bennett remarked in one of his most famous books: "A life in which conduct does not fairly well accord with principles is a silly life."

I am quite sure that, if they had the honesty to subject themselves to a few minutes' honest cross-examination, a surprising number of people would have to admit the profound truth of his remark. I am quite sure that far too many people really are living lives that can only be called silly.

We lose our tempers for a trivial reason—or for no reason at all. We do unimportant things, which we have every right to do if it gives us any pleasure, but we go on from there to exaggerate them into important things and worry other people with them.

We imagine ourselves to be superior to others, more important than others, more worthwhile than others, which again we have every right to do if we wish: but we should refrain from taking the next step and trying to impress these purely personal views on other people, becoming quite angry when we find that hardly anyone agrees with us.

Now what is the remedy? Surely to believe in certain lines of conduct, not because they are pleasant, but because they are "right."

We must do right because we believe it to be right. We must refrain from doing wrong because we know and believe that it is wrong.

That is what having principles means.

What these principles are is something everyone must decide for himself, but the golden principle of all time is plainly writ for everyone to read: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

That is the highest principle of all, and it simply can't go wrong.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OH, JOHNNY! **by TIM**

BRUNETTES, take care!

Take care, brunettes! No ordinary face powder can bring out the full beauty of your complexion. But Pond's is different! For, thanks to the colourscope, Pond's shades are scientifically blended to bring out all the lovely hidden tints of each complexion type—the glamour of glorious *creamy* skin, the radiance of *fair* skin. There's a Pond's shade blended specially for *your* colouring.

Pond's Colourscope

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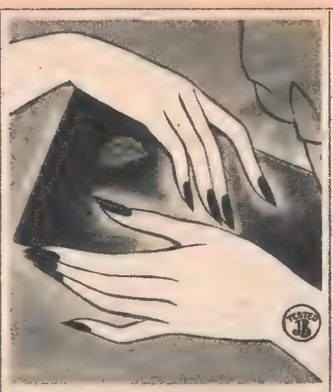
POND'S *Face Powder*



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Remember! Oxydol's mountains of long-lasting, busy suds contain *no bleach of any kind.*

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Keep Coloureds

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IT'S EXTRA LATHER DOES IT!

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Continued from page 18

years we touched and intertwined to make, perhaps, some predestined part of the pattern of life. It was when I was at Cambridge. She was the daughter of my tutor—a scholar my father would have loved. This one had no mother. Only her father, who seemed to recall, with surprise, from time to time, that he had a daughter. I only saw her once when she was not as happy as a small bird set out in the sun.

It happened that I saw much of her. I had to go to the father's house for my tutorials. And for a long time I watched her, happy to see one so fresh and carefree. From the first I knew that this One was the one chosen in the Folds of Heaven for Lung T'sai.

Yet this was a choice that could never be. I taught her to brush the characters of our Chinese language. She taught me the names of the flowers and the English birds. Yet there dwelt with me the thought that our fathers, hers and mine, made it so that this thing could never be. If she was beautiful as the star dust that rains from the heavens, it needed no poet to see that she reflected something even more beautiful within.

For three years it went on. And always was there a voice that said: It can never be. We would walk together. And when we spoke it was of learned things. Never of those things I wished to say to her, and which she wished to hear. A man must make love to a woman to awaken her before she can love him in return. There came no gong stroke from me.

I have said she was like a small bird set out in the sun. Towards the end I could scarcely bear to look at her, knowing what I should see. A man is born but one man; can he have the strength of two? Sometimes I saw in her eyes the look of one whose thoughts dwell on things afar, lost in the blue folds of heaven. It is written that one whose thoughts can go out into the folds of heaven is already a step towards Paradise himself.

When the last time came, we had nothing to say. We sat together that night, on a bench, under the trees. My heart weighed heavily. My spirit had already left on its long journey. When I rose to leave her for the last time, she placed her hand on my arm. "Then, goodbye," she said, and I left her quickly, afraid to speak lest my voice betray me.

Returning, I found I had no family. Was it then hard to succeed when fear of death was unknown to me. I welcomed the bullet that would come to end my life. Yet, it had been written that no bullet should find my heart. The past was dead, and I cared no more about it. Until I took the Japanese coastal steamer *Yusamu*.

The Yusamu, *Mr. Lung? Wasn't that the ship in which a British naval officer was lost?*

He was not killed, although there was, regrettably, some fighting. Lieutenant Kemp is alive and well. You have there a letter, written in my camp not a week ago by him.

I don't think you have been wise to tell me this, Mr. Lung. Your confidence will be respected, of course. But I cannot. . . .

The wise man learns to swim before he plunges into the torrent. The Lieutenant is not held to ransom. When he reaches Hong Kong he will probably say that I saved his life. Now let me end my story.

When we take a ship there are things one can learn from the papers she carries. I always go through the papers myself to learn about the cargoes and the movements of other ships which may be of use to me. Every trade has its tricks. Among Lieutenant Kemp's private correspondence I found a letter which I read without shame. I am, after all, a pirate. This letter is from the woman he is to marry. A wealthy widow who lives here in London.

I read a second letter. This letter was difficult to read. The forward part of the ship was on fire and burning. I could hear the stamp overhead and the running and shouting. But as soon as I saw the writing on the envelope I recognized it. It came from the girl who was like a small bird set out in the sun. It said much over many pages about nothing, but for one who knew her, such as I, Lung the Pirate, it was not hard to read between the lines.

A wise man writing according to the Usages, so says the proverb, writes three degrees: one, that he writes to discard; two, that he writes to record; three, that he writes to be left unwritten yet understood. There was much to be understood that was left unwritten in this letter.

I took the Englishman officer captive. I risked taking him with me to my camp in the marshes where no one has ever gone with me before. He is a man after my own heart. He is my friend. Although he does not know what I have done and never will know.

For many nights in the marshes we spoke together. We spoke of many things. Of the scholars and the poets. Of life. Particularly of life.

On my side—the side of Lung the Pirate—I was to learn that the girl who was like a small bird in the sun had lost her old father who left her no fortune. She and my prisoner could not marry, although it seemed that at one time they were minded to do so—especially the girl, because a naval officer should have a rich wife, or else private means, if his wife is to come out to China to live with him.

You spent your time persuading your captive that. . . .

Light may come not only through a raised shutter.

And this girl is the girl whose name is written here? Miss Margaret Lindsay Lane?

Of course. Otherwise I would not have presumed to burden you at such great length with my tale.

I am to find Miss Lane, tracing her from the address she gives on the letter you took, and to let her know Lieutenant Kemp is alive and well. I am to give her this letter which he has written to her from your camp.

Precisely! A thousand - thousand thanks.

But—excuse me, Mr. Lung, if I press a question—you have come all the way from China to give me this explanation in person?

Accept my apologies. You will note the draft.

God bless my soul! But . . . Mr. Lung! This is a cheque for £600,000!

It is nothing. What I have made at my trade since I parted from her in Cambridge four years ago. The strong-winged flight of the mountain eagle opens up the skies.

It does indeed. It would appear to open them wide in your part of the world.

You will persuade her to accept it. And you will employ all your eloquence to circumvent the curiosity natural in her sex, as to the origin of the sum?

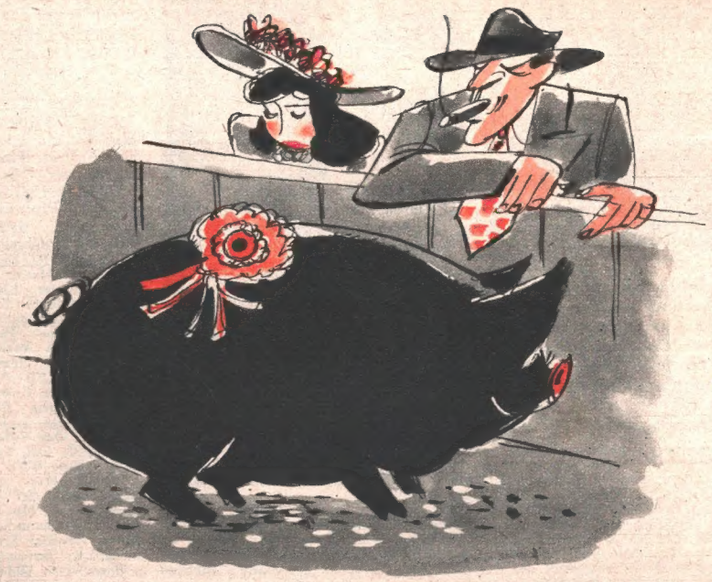
She shall never know. And I think I can promise to get her to accept it.

I would not wish for her to know embarrassment as the wife of a naval officer. The blossom of the peach tree must be sheltered from the north wind.

Appropriate, I'm sure.

Then, I will wish you good day.

Good day to you, Mr. Lung.



with my feet up by ian fox

Come and See Us Sometime

The job of the Travel Association of Great Britain is to attract all those thousands (or was it millions?) of American tourists who, we were told, were going to invade us this summer. As part of their campaign they have issued in America a booklet entitled "Coming Events in the British Isles."

One attraction listed in this publication, so I read, is the "Large Black Pig Society's Show" at Reading. That'll bring 'em in, all right.

Another item of Yank bait listed in the booklet is the conference of the National Federation of Fishmongers at Brighton.

This stirs the imagination. I can visualize an elegant American woman saying to her playboy husband, "Honey, let's just cut out that nasty old Battle of Flowers in Nice, and go straight to Brighton, England. I reckon that old Federation of Fishmongers is so colourful we'll just die. I'll bet they still wear medieval costumes, and have traditional sports like racing crabs, and fencing matches between swordfish, and it all ends up with a parade of decorated trawlers and a Battle of Kippers."

* * *

Despite the magnificent efforts of this booklet, I can add a few more attractions for visiting Americans. I suggest that the Travel Association might embody them in next year's booklet.

Here are my suggestions:

The Annual Wayzgoose of the Plumbers' Guild. This includes pipe-bursting contests and three-legged races for plumbers and their mates. It ends with a magnificent water festival.

The traditional ceremony of bed fording at Bedford. Twenty-five "fayre and lovelye maidens" in a giant bed are carried over a ford across a river. They believe that if they arrive safely on the other side they will all be married by Michaelmas (the poor saps). If, on the other hand, the bed collapses in mid-river, all that happens is that they get wet.

Visits to the new castle at Newcastle, the white chapel at Whitechapel and the black pool at Blackpool.

Motor coach excursions to view Sir Waldron Smithers.

The Priory at Priority Parva where, in 1066, King Egbert the Awful hid while his wife went out and defeated the Normans with "a goodlie toastynge fork." The Priory was completely destroyed in 1515, and the site is now occupied by a pin-table saloon.

Conducted tour round the sewers of London.

Visit to Manchester in November.

* * *

The museum at Little Mudbank, which is entirely filled with bits of flint and fossils. Admission only on Maundy Thursday by special permit obtainable from the Ancient Society of Fossil Watchers.

A night in the waiting-room at any railway station. The inscriptions and quaint native drawings on the walls are of great interest to the student of anthropology.

There are various quaint customs that the tourist will meet, like it or not. He will not be able to drink when he wishes, nor, in smaller hotels, will he be able to eat after about 8 p.m. On the other hand, he will be allowed to use an electric fire to dry the baby's nappies.

However, I am led to understand by what I have read that it is very difficult for the average American to get at any of this information. While other nations have information offices all over the place, to find out about Britain a man has to equip himself with water bottles and pemmican and set out on a real tour of exploration.

* * *

Perhaps this is good strategy and gets the tourist hardened up in readiness for the rigours of Britain today. Or perhaps it is just our way of advertising British modesty and reserve.

He's next for the Alps!

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. A. E. Jones, 21 Fairmead Road, Liverpool. Ten days ago he and his wife celebrated their silver wedding and soon they will be enjoying a second honeymoon in Switzerland!

A £300 cheque and Free Swiss Trip for Two rewarded reader Jones for heading a recent *Bullets* prize-list. Enter some telling efforts on the coupon below and, as this week's £300 First Prize-winner, you, too, can be off to the Alps!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated July 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

WORKING FOR BRITAIN
SPECTRE OF FAMINE
IN THE WORLD'S CIRCUS
OUR FUTURE
THE TIDE TURNED AND DOLLARS
MAN ON HOLIDAY
TREATED WITH CONTEMPT
IN FIGHTING MOOD
SAFETY ON THE ROAD
GOES NOWHERE
BRAINS AND BRAWN
SQUARE DEAL
CAN'T TAKE IT
LADY NICOTINE
DOESN'T WORRY
ON THE NIGHT SHIFT
KNOCKED HIM SILLY
NO MISTAKE
NOW DAD'S A BRICKLAYER

Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions.

THE INDIAN .....
BEAT THE .....
THREATENING TO .....
WHAT HURT .....
TINKERING WITH .....
TRIPPED ..... UP

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,583 (or XWORD 535); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated July 5 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

396

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FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: J. G. Moses, Meadow End, Crofty, Llanmorlais, Gower, Glam: **One Fine Day**

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THREE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. E. Ashford, 18 Liverpool Avenue, Wheatley, Doncaster: **Like A Machine—Man? *Machines* Are Improving!** T. J. Martin, 10 Flinders Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool 5: **Saved A Life—"Pint"—Here's *Donor's* Health!** R. G. Patterson, 295 Hunts Cross Avenue, Liverpool: **Off To The Seaside—Gale Nearly Blew "Seaview"!**

SIX PRIZES of £5: L. G. Beere, 34 Parklands Avenue, Cowes: **Dad's Given Up Smoking, So—*Glow-worm* Destroyed Shed, Apparently!** H. Beveridge, 41 Pugney's Road, Sandal, Wakefield: **At Our Village Fete—Bar, So Fete "Sideshow"!** C. Gill, 23 Kingsway, Ilkeston: **It Isn't Easy, But—Wife Missed Garage Altogether!** J. R. N. Moss, 3 Kerry Crescent, Calne: **"I Don't Dislike It!"—Remarks Wildly Enthusiastic Englishman.** Mrs. R. Pink, 23 Upper Bramston Road, Clacton-on-Sea: **To Make Room—Landlady Brings Another Screen!** W. Walker, Lane End Bungalow, Barron-on-Soar: **In Austerity's Desert—Housewives Holding *Their* Conference.**

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Post your Square below by Monday, June 23.

£100 and HOLIDAY TOUR WON

XWORD 531

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Brow. 3, Pose. 5, Stilled. 8, Meat. 10, Villa. 13, Pace. 14, Coat. 15, Funny. DOWN: 2, Wife. 4, Fog. 6, Horse. 7, Goat. 9, Blame. 11, Tonic or Topic. 12, Pry.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: M. Williams, 4 Torwood Gardens, Torquay.

In addition, winner awarded 850-mile Coach Tour. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 36 entrants.

Across Clues Xword 535

1. Popular novelist's most successful work can be this of the people he lives amongst
2. A Government should take into account this of the people
4. Millionaire should be able to give one without difficulty
6. If it keeps getting into a tangle it may want combing out
9. Tearing up this sometimes leads to lot of trouble
11. It makes it worse to be this with lively young people around
13. You may perhaps be able to get one in glass
14. You occasionally have to paste one

Down Clues

1. Eventually, Uno must think about these as well
3. Now and again, danger of infection has been this by intrepid doctor
5. Expresses an enormous amount
7. Somebody's to blame if these fall suddenly
8. It's unfortunate when one is fruitless
10. Even when you've got on to a good one, it's rarely a certainty
12. May be very welcome, especially if you are feeling draught

HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra £25 cash amongst winners entering 8 or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 5, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 23

No. **535**

Signed .....

Address .....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Undesirable Tenants

"SOME TIME AGO I let a flat to a mother and three children, but they are doing serious damage to the walls and in other ways are undesirable tenants. What can I do to get them out?"

▸▸ If the tenant's neglect is causing the property to lose its value this would be grounds on which the court could grant an Order for Possession; but it would be advisable to consult a solicitor on the matter.

Dependant's Benefit

"AS A SINGLE MAN whose aunt acts as his housekeeper, the income tax authorities let me claim dependant's allowance for her, but when I am out of work I cannot claim unemployment benefit for her. She has no private means of any sort. Are the authorities right in refusing an allowance for her?"

▸▸ Yes. Unemployment Dependants' Benefit is only allowable for a housekeeper if she has the care of the claimant's young children and is wholly or mainly maintained by the claimant.

Tax Liability

"ONE OF MY FRIENDS is about to retire from Government service in British East Africa on a pension and intends to live in Northern Ireland. How will his income tax be rated? And if he takes up other work how will this be taxed?"

▸▸ As a resident in Northern Ireland your friend will be liable to British rates of income tax, and the amount he has to pay depends upon his total income (including his pension) from all sources. If he takes up other work after he returns his tax liability will still be based upon total income. Pension, by the way, is regarded as earned income.

Business Tenancy

"MY PARTNER AND I took over some premises for business purposes and were told we could make the necessary alterations to suit our type of work. This was about three months ago. The other day the owner told us to quit by the weekend. We are ex-Servicemen and this action will put us out of business. Can't we refuse to go until we find alternative accommodation?"

▸▸ Unfortunately for you and your partner, business premises are not controlled, and you will be obliged to quit on the expiry of a week's notice.

Increased Assessment

"WE LIVE IN A HOUSE which was previously rated at £16, but has been revalued and is now assessed at £51. I accepted the new valuation on the understanding that the new rate began to operate from the first day of next month. The authorities are now claiming the increased rate from last October, when I took the premises. Is it legal for them to do this?"

▸▸ The rating authority has power to make a re-assessment retrospective, and you will be obliged to submit to the council's ruling.

Lodger's Furniture

"ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS ago I came to lodge with a family, bringing with me a quantity of furniture. Can I take it away with me if I go away? I am not in debt in any way."

▸▸ There is nothing to prevent your taking your own furniture with you when you leave your present lodgings.

Enlisting Overseas

"RECENTLY I WAS demobbed from the R.A.F., and I should like to go to the U.S.A. to join their air force. Is it possible for me to do this?"

▸▸ The American Armed Forces are now restricted to American citizens.

Partner's Income

"CAN YOU TELL ME in what way income tax is deducted from a partner's income? A weekly wage is paid to each partner in the firm."

▸▸ Income tax is assessed upon the partnership profits as a whole, but each partner's share is subject to the deduction of the usual allowances according to his personal circumstances. "Wages" paid to partners are treated as drawings on account of profits and do not give rise to any separate tax liability.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 15

NAUTICAL TERMS. (1) Avast is an order to stop heaving; abeam is opposite the centre of the ship's side. (2) When she is so much on her side as to submerge her lee rail. (3) By reciting the points of the compass. (4) Drop it; it's a kind of anchor. (5) A young lad on his first voyages.

NON-FICTION. (1) Lytton Strachey. (2) It is the story of a blind man who is led by a guide-dog. (3) Axel Munthe. (4) *The Natural History of Selborne*. (5) Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells.

TEA. (1) A vegetable base with stimulating properties; more in coffee. (2) The Cantonese name for tea is *ch'a*, and in this form the name travelled with the tea to Japan, India, Persia and Russia. (3) About 10 lb. (4) Clippers bringing tea from China to England. (5) Because the tannin is brought out too strongly by long standing.

NORTHERN EUROPE. (1) From Kristiana (or Christiana) to Oslo. (2) No—it stretches across northern Norway Sweden, Finland and Russia. (3) Sibelius. (4) Elsinore. (5) Sweden.

GRAMMAR. (1) The opposite of its meaning at first glance; in other words, nice girls do mix them up. An example of a double negative. (2) A hyperbole—an exaggerated statement not meant to be taken literally. (3) Gerundive. (4) Quakeress, tailoress, giantess; artiste is not the feminine of artist. (5) "Feline," which simply means "catty," is redundant.

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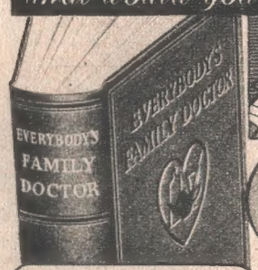

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